"THE MILLS OF JUSTICE," BY CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD, NEXT WEEK

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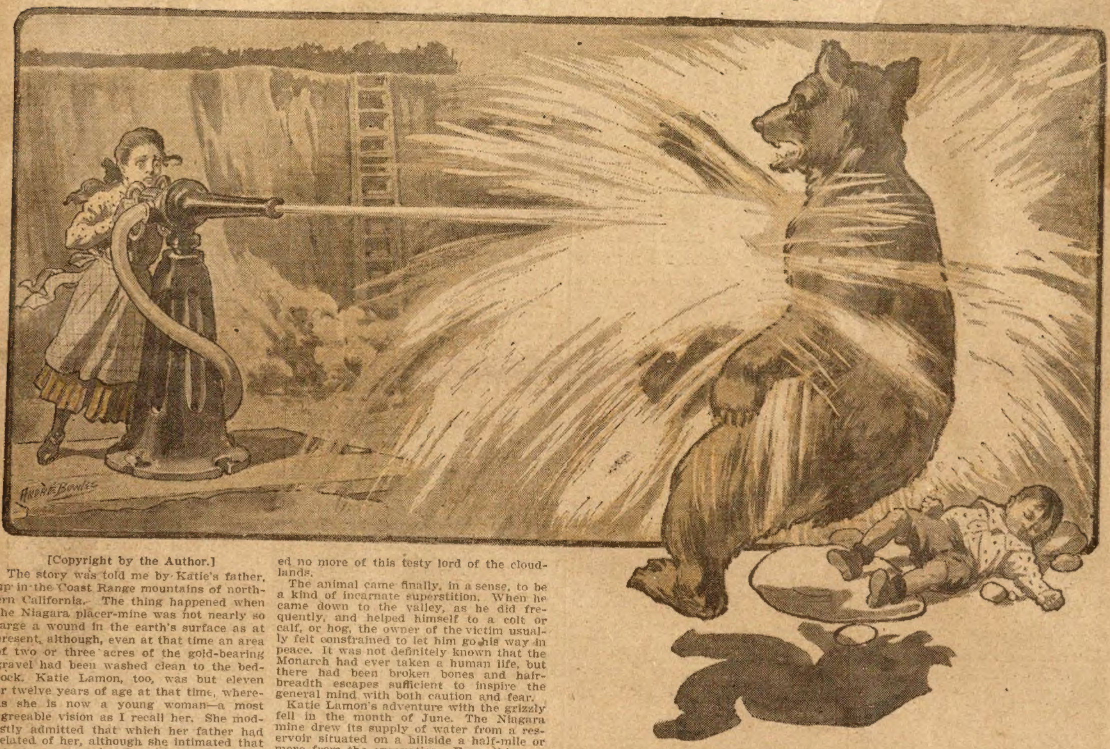
THE GIANT'S STROKE

By ALVAH MILTON KERR



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The story was told me by Katie's father, up in the Coast Range mountains of northern California. The thing happened when the Niagara placer-mine was not nearly so large a wound in the earth's surface as at present, although, even at that time an area of two or three acres of the gold-bearing gravel had been washed clean to the bed-rock. Katie Lamon, too, was but eleven or twelve years of age at that time, whereas she is now a young woman—a most agreeable vision as I recall her. She modestly admitted that which her father had related of her, although she intimated that he was prone, she thought, to "brag her up" overmuch.

Jack Lamon's mine, the Niagara, lay in Red Basin, on the Trinity River, away over west of Mount Shasta. The Trinity and its tributaries were almost the only streams of water in California exempt from the State law prohibiting gravel-mining, since there was little agriculture along those streams that might suffer from deposits of debris.

Lamon's mine lay in a broad depression at the mouth of a little valley that opened westward on the river. Eastward rose the foot-hills, pine-covered and swinging upward in waves that seemed to break in green froth against the central heights of the Trinity range.

Up in the range lived a famous grizzly bear, huge of body, powerful of limb, cunning of wit and savage of mind. The finesse and bravery of man had never been able to effect the capture or extermination of this mighty brute. He had received a bullet now and then, which he apparently did not mind much; and numerous traps and deadfalls had been cunningly arranged for him, each of which he ignored.

Jack Lamon himself had had an experience with the Monarch—as he was called—that left the miner satisfied that the conquest was not for him. One autumn he visited the main mountain of the range, grimly conceiving that he would not return to the valley without the Monarch's pelt. But he did. In order that he might hunt the grizzly through several days, and at the same time sleep safely at night, he built himself a tiny cabin, setting it solidly between two pine-trees.

The very first night that he slept in it he was rudely awakened by old Monarch tearing it to pieces with his herculean paws. Lamon escaped down the mountainside with his life as by a miracle. He did go back afterward to fetch away his rifle, but he frankly confessed that he wanted no more of this testy lord of the cloudlands.

The animal came finally, in a sense, to be a kind of incarnate superstition. When he came down to the valley, as he did frequently, and helped himself to a colt or calf, or hog, the owner of the victim usually felt constrained to let him go his way in peace. It was not definitely known that the Monarch had ever taken a human life, but there had been broken bones and hair-breadth escapes sufficient to inspire the general mind with both caution and fear.

Katie Lamon's adventure with the grizzly fell in the month of June. The Niagara mine drew its supply of water from a reservoir situated on a hillside a half-mile or more from the excavation. From this reservoir a ten-inch iron pipe led down into the excavation, connecting there with what is known in placer-mining parlance as a hydraulic giant. This contrivance was, in point of fact, simply a gigantic nozzle revolving on a swivel, although it had much the appearance of a big brass cannon.

The Lamon home stood in a young orchard at the foot of a hill a little toward the south. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lamon, Katie, and a boy brother, four years of age. The two children came very frequently down into the mine, where they played "building house" with the small, clean boulders, or gathered gold-dust in fancied "clean-ups."

It was a very interesting place, for there they could watch, when their father was "washing," the long, slightly arched stream of water whistling and glittering from the vent of the giant, and pouring into the bank perhaps a hundred feet away. The impact of the hurtling rope of water, tearing the soil into a writhing foam of upflung reddish suds, was very alluring to the eye; people were prone to watch it with something of the fascination with which one watches fire.

Late in the afternoon of the day of Katie's adventure, Jack Lamon went up to the reservoir to repair the flood-gate, expecting to return to the mine in an hour or so. Katie and little Jack were playing in the mine, and upon their father's return would go home with him to supper. While repairing the gate, Lamon had to allow the water to stand in the main, which, as events proved, was fortunate.

It was near sundown, and Katie was playing with her dolls in a mimic house, the rooms of which she had marked out by rows of white gravel in a dry spot not far from the hydraulic giant. Little Jack was digging for gold in the seams of the bed-rock, over near the sluice, which stretched down through the excavation to the river. Little Jack was quiet and absorbed, but Katie was singing softly as she rocked one of her "children" to sleep.

Suddenly she heard a peculiar sound, a kind of guttural "snoof," and looking up quickly, saw the king of the range standing at the edge of the eastern bank.

The great bear had his moist nose thrust toward them, and was sniffing the air and swaying his huge head from side to side. Evidently the hydraulic giant and the wide excavation and the two children on the bed-rock constituted a thing that interested him. Obviously he was beginning to debate the best means of getting down into the mine to investigate. There were very few things in the world of which the Monarch was afraid.

Katie's brown eyes grew wide with terror. For a moment she seemed to shrivel up, unable to utter a sound; then she screamed. Almost at the same instant the twelve-foot bank, hollowed out underneath by the stream from the giant, gave way beneath the heavy brute; and in a cloud of gravel and dirt he rolled down into the mine!

The Monarch got up from the smother of stuff with a snarling growl, and shook his enormous frame in angry disgust. Katie leaped to her feet, and shrieking wildly, ran toward a flight of wooden steps that climbed from the mine at the south. She was almost upon the steps, flying in a kind of insanity of terror, when a scream from little Jack reached her ears.

She turned like a flash. The boy had started to follow her; but half-blinded with panic, and looking back over his shoulder at the monster, he had collided with a rick of boulders and fallen headlong. He seemed stunned by the shock, or possibly he had fainted from sheer terror, for he lay quite still, a tiny, crumpled heap of blue gingham and tangled curls. Growling, the grizzly took three or four long strides, and was upon the child.

Doubtless the fact that Jack was unconscious saved him from being instantly killed by a blow from the bear's paw. Old Monarch himself seemed nonplussed for the moment by the lack of resistance in the warm little body before him. Twice he turned the child over with his paws, sniffing at him and grunting; then he deliberately opened his great mouth and took little Jack up as a cat might lift a very small kitten.

For a moment the big grizzly reared up on his haunches and ran his bright little eyes about the enclosing banks of the excavation. The mine opened clear upon the river, but that was in the opposite direction from the animal's home; besides he was not looking for a bath. He saw the flight of wooden steps, and dropping on all fours, turned toward them. But he never reached them.

At the instant of Jack's fall Katie rushed toward him, her face dead white, every nerve in her delicate body thrilling with anger and dismay. She had cared for Jack in large part since his birth, and now her blood boiled with something of the terror and fury of the mother who sees her offspring's life in peril. She flew straight at the grizzly, screaming fiercely; but the old king, busily nosing the child's body about, gave her scant attention.

Hardly had the forest lord taken little Jack in his mouth before Katie was at the breech of the hydraulic giant. She threw the release lever over with her foot, and laying hold of the guide-handle, turned the brass muzzle of the long tube toward the bear. Balanced on its revolving socket, the water cannon could be aimed by a child; the difficult thing was to hold it steady while the stream rushed from it.

Katie set her feet wide apart and held

hard to the breech of the tube as the water shot hissing from its mouth. The grizzly had not taken ten steps toward the stairs when the plunging stream struck him in the side. In all his fights with man and beast he had never received such a crushing blow.

Little Jack was flung from his mouth some distance away, and the bear turned three times over and landed against the bank. The force that had struck him was sufficient for the uprooting of trees and the tumbling of large boulders out of their beds. Great as was the bear's weight and strength, he was swept before it like a bundle of old clothes.

He got up mad with terror, as for an instant the stream went wide of him; the next moment Katie got the aim again, and the ripping column of water plunged into the Monarch's mouth and breast, crumpling him backward in a roaring heap.

Over and over he rolled in a boiling suds of gravel and red water; then again Katie missed him, and the mighty brute scrambled up, and, strangling and sputtering made wildly for the opening toward the river. Screaming in ecstacy, Katie followed the foe with stream, rolling the bear over twice before he plunged into the river. When the mountain king had landed on the western shore, he turned once, shook his hairy form and wrinkled his nose with an expression of infinite disgust, then trotted soggily up the hill and disappeared in the woods.

When Jack Lamon came down into the mine a few minutes later, he found Katie lying in a faint by the giant. Little Jack was standing by her, frightened and sobbing. Lamon, in great anxiety, took the children home, and when Katie had recovered consciousness she told him her story. In the Lamon home you may be sure there was immeasurable gratitude that night.

Old Monarch never came down to the Red Basin after that; to be shot with water from a cannon was so new and terrifying an experience, the bear felt it wise thereafter to avoid both childern and placermines.

THE PROFESSOR'S AWAKENING.

BY VERNON RALSTON.

The professor smiled genially at his pretty young wife as he came in late for lunch. "Sorry if I've kept you waiting, my dear, but I was really quite absorbed in an interesting point—the decomposition of certain fulminates under abnormal conditions of temperature—that I quite forgot lunch, and even you, Vera, but I think I shall get some amazing results."

The professor rubbed his hands as he thought of his successful morning's work, and his wife glanced across the table at him. He looked old, painfully old, his hands were stained with acids, he had forgotten to brush his hair, or change his laboratory coat. In short, he was a striking contrast to the smartly dressed little brunette who sat at the table with him. But professor Culross was quite unaware of his wife's disgusted look. Though the greatest authority on explosives in Europe, he was the most kindly, guileless man who ever devoted himself to beneficent work of rendering it easier for men to kill each other.

The cheery professor proceeded: "What are you going to do today, my dear? You ought to be out somewhere during this fine weather, and yet I don't really see how I can possibly spare the time."

"Well, Reggie Onslow telephoned this morning that he would drive me down to New Rochelle if you could spare me."

"Very good, very good!" chuckled the professor. "A thoughtful young fellow is Onslow. I am infinitely obliged to him. I hope that you will have a delightful day, Vera. I must really thank Reggie for his kindness to you."

His wife cast a searching glance at the professor's smiling, unsuspicious face, and observed that Reggie Onslow was very attentive.

"I like to see it in a young man," said the professor emphatically. "Thoughtfulness for others is one of the very best traits in a young fellow's character. Often they are abominably selfish. I must really think out some way of showing Reggie that I appreciate his constant kindness to you. You would lead a dull life without him, I'm afraid. Well, when he gets married, anyhow, he shall have one good wedding present."

"Oh, you needn't trouble about showing your gratitude to Reggie," said his wife shortly. "After all, he is my cousin, and what is the use of having cousins if one can't depend on them to act as escorts occasionally?"

"Vera, that's the first time I've known you to be ungrateful. For once I venture to differ with you. If you're not obliged to Reggie, I am, and I intend to find some way of showing my gratitude."

Before his wife could raise any further objections a servant announced Mr. Reggie Onslow, and a handsome young fellow was shown in the room.

"Glad to see you, my boy. You have lunched? Ah, why didn't you come and lunch here? I was just telling Vera how much I was obliged to you. Most kind of you to take her to New Rochelle today. I wouldn't have had you troubled for worlds, only I am engaged in a series of most critical experiments."

Mr. Onslow said politely that he was glad to be of any service to the professor.

"Now, my dear, get your things on quickly; can't you see Reggie's waiting?"

In a few minutes Mrs. Culross was ready, and the professor went down to see the people off in their hansom. He didn't see the glance the footman gave the housemaid as Mrs. Culross took her seat in the vehicle. He didn't see the sad shake of the head with which the housemaid responded. The proefssor was quite oblivious to the proceedings of that dreadful domestic inquisition which sits on all of us.

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"Well, good-by, I hope you'll have a good time. Stay, wait a minute, there's one thing I want you to do for me."

The professor sped up stairs two steps at a time and came down bearing a small flask and a letter.

"You'll be passing Union Square; could you leave this at Doctor Stoke's office? It is the result of an analysis I promised to let him have today. As it's important I don't like to send an ordinary messenger, and I have scarcely time to go myself, but I know I can trust you, Reggie."

Mr. Onslow colored a trifle as he took the flask and letter and put them into his pocket. Then, with a wave of the hand to the professor, he gave the signal to the driver, and the hansom moved on.

The professor watched them out of sight, and then went smiling back to his work. How could he know of the bitter comments which were at that moment proceeding in the kitchen? "I can trust you, Reggie," said the footman, satirically. "If I'd a wife like that I'd trust Mr. Reggie no farther than I could throw him." "Those dark-haired women are always two-faced," said the housemaid who happened to be a blonde. "Light or dark it makes no difference," said the cynical footman. "Some one ought to tell the old feller," observed the cook. The footman shook his head. "In service, Mrs. Dudden, my motter is, 'Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.'"

The professor returned to his laboratory, ready for a pleasant afternoon's work. He arranged a retort and then looked round for the flask which contained the product of his morning's work. He picked up a flask, examined it, and started.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "I've given Reggie the wrong flask. Dear me, dear me! now I shall have to go round to Stokes myself. What a waste of time? But I must go—if my calculations are correct, the chemical decomposition will be complete in two or three hours, and then Stokes will find his surgery in smithereens. What a silly mistake to make, and how lucky I found it out at once."

He seized the correct flask, containing the compound he had been asked to analyze, ran down stairs, called to the servants to get him a hansom, and in a couple of minutes was driving round to Doctor Stoke's office.

When he arrived he found his friend just going out. "Hello, Stokes, here's the right flask—I suppose you found out the error, and were just going to bring it back. A good thing I found out my mistake, for if you hadn't noticed it you might have been blown up."

"What flask, professor? I've had nothing from you."

"Good heavens! Reggie Onslow and my wife were driving round this way, and I asked them to leave the flask for you. Are you sure they didn't?"

"Quite sure that nothing has come here, professor."

"My dear fellow, I gave him the flask in mistake for yours. It is full of a powerful fulminate, which has been exposed to various temperatures. It will explode in an hour or two. I intended to have exploded it in the tank in my laboratory. Oh, why didn't I tell them my message was an urgent one? They will have thought that it would do to leave it as they returned—perhaps they were afraid of being late at New Rochelle."

"Come, said the doctor, "there's only one thing to be done—let's get into your hansom, and drive down to New Rochelle. If we can find them there, we can destroy the flask at once."

"How can I forgive myself for my criminal carelessness?" said the professor, as they drove down. "Think of me risking the lives of my wife and her cousin. It will be a weight off my mind when we find them there."

The doctor looked at him keenly. "Pray God we may find them at New Rochelle!" he said.

"Oh, they'll be there—they often drive there in the summer; and we shall have plenty of time; it will be an hour yet ere there is any danger of an explosion."

They soon arrived at the club grounds, and among the brilliant company there sought eagerly for Mrs. Culross and Mr. Onslow. As they went through the crowd without finding any sign of them, the professor's face grew longer and longer. Then, when they had explored the remotest recesses in the grounds, the smallest rooms in the club-house, the professor gasped: "Their hansom must have broken down."

The doctor shook his head gravely. Twenty things may have happened to prevent their coming," he said.

"Well, what must we do now?" besought the professor.

"Drive back to your home at once," replied his friend. "If we don't meet them on the way or find them there, then the only thing will be to inquire at police headquarters, or——"

"Or where?" said the professor, noticing his companion's ominous pause.

"Or at the hospitals."

The professor shuddered. "Stokes," he cried, "isn't it awful that my carelessness should have risked the lives of two people so dear to me? Poor Vera—and poor Reggie—this is a reward to give him for his kindness to my wife!"

They soon reached the professor's house. No, Mrs. Culross and Mr. Onslow had not returned. Gasping a hasty message to the servants to tell the missing folk in case they turned up to drop the fatal flask instantly into a tub of water, the professor ordered his driver to go ahead at full speed to police headquarters.

There the detective staff could suggest nothing. Looking for a couple in New York City was like looking for a needle in a haystack. They could only hope that the professor's fears were greatly exaggerated. As the anxious visitors were about to leave, the telephone bell rang. An officer listened to the message, and beckoned Doctor Stokes on one side.

"Can this be the case?" he whispered. "There's been an explosion in a private room of a hotel in New Rochelle. A man killed and a woman badly hurt. They're taking the woman to the Hahnemann Hospital. But I thought your friend said it his wife and her cousin that he wanted."

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The doctor and the detective exchanged quick glances.

"Is that so?" said the latter with a shrug of his shoulders. "Then you'd better break it to him. I shouldn't tell him where the explosion took place—it's bad enough without that.

The doctor took his old friend by the arm. "George, old fellow, I'm afraid that I've bad news for you. There's been an explosion, and a woman has been taken to the Hahnemann Hospital. We fear it is your wife, and she is badly hurt."

"My fault, my fault!" he cried, in an agony of grief. "My wretched carelessness has perhaps killed Vera. But it may not be the same. After all, you say nothing about Reggie, and he carried the flask, and must have had the most severe shock."

"They say there is a man dead, George."

"Poor Reggie, poor Reggie! This is how I have rewarded him for his kindness. Before God, Stokes, I never thought of it—I never thought of it! Let me see my dear wife at once."

The doctor led the grief-stricken man to his cab, and in a brief time they were at the hospital door. A hurried word to the porter, and they were admitted at once. The doctor asked instantly for the house surgeon. When the house surgeon came, he asked after the explosion case.

"Oh, I've just come from it—the case is absolutely hopeless."

"Her husband is here, and will see her."

"He may as well as not—nothing can do her any good or harm now."

They went upstairs to the accident ward, where a woman with a horribly disfigured face tossed in intolerable agony.

"Kill me, kill me," she shrieked to the house surgeon. "If you have a heart, put me out of my misery!"

"Vera, my darling!" cried the professor, "forgive me! Would to God that I were lying there instead of you. But before—before you leave me, say you forgive me for my awful mistake."

The dying woman turned her ghastly face to him. "You devil!" she cried. "You scheming devil! Your cunning trick succeeded—you have killed him, and made me a horror; but let me tell you, if I never speak another word, that I always loved him, and hated you, and rather would I die with him than live another day with you."

And then, at last, the professor understood.

WHAT A BILLION MEANS.

"Figures cannot lie," is a familiar saying, but a very misleading one; for if they cannot lie they can deceive, and very frequently do so. The difficulty with figures is that so few of us realize the magnitude of some of the most mellifluous and easily spoken numbers. How many persons are there, for example, who know what a billion means? Not many, we will venture to say, and it is not too extravagant to venture the assertion that in a company of persons of ordinary education there will even be a difference of opinion as to the correct way to write the quantity in figures. Some will say that the figure one and nine ciphers, thus, 1,000,000,000, represent a billion, while others will contend that that is only one thousand million, and that a billion requires three more ciphers. And, unfortunately, both will be correct, for the reason that both systems of notation are in use, the first being the English system, and the second the French system.

However, one and twelve ciphers is the style most commonly used in this country and elsewhere by mathematicians, and as that is large enough in its physical aspect to startle almost anybody, it will do for the present purpose of showing what is meant by saying that very few comprehend the magnitude of figures easily written or spoken in bulk.

Let us take it first in relation to time. A billion years! Well, perhaps the bravest of us will not care to undertake the task of comprehending that. Go to the other extreme of time, and say a billion of seconds. Ah, that will be easy. Will it, indeed? Wait a moment. There are eighty-six thousand four hundred seconds in a day, and thirty-one million five hundred and thirty-six seconds in a year. Over thirty-one million seconds in a year! Surely then it cannot take long to use up even a billion of them. See how easy it is to be deceived by figures. Had Adam lived until the present day he would not have existed a billion of seconds of time. No, nor if he had lived twice as long, nor three times as long, nor even four times as long; for it requires just thirty-one thousand years, seventeen days, twenty-two hours, fifteen minutes, and five seconds to cover one billion of seconds. This calculation will also give some idea of how long it would take to count one billion.

And now in its relation to distance. We will take some familiar object—a five-dollar gold piece, perhaps. Suppose we imagined ourselves possessed of a billion, and want to see how far they will go.

A woman would easily solve this problem by a process known as shopping, but that is too intricate for the male understanding, and therefore we will try the plan of piling the coins up to a height of say twenty feet, and making a line, one coin deep, commencing at New York, and stretching west. We would go out five thousand miles before our coins would give out. And if we were to lay the coins one by one, instead of in twenty-foot piles, we would have to go seven hundred and sixty-three times around the earth. And if we wished to take our treasure to Europe according to the present American fashion, we could fill two thousand three hundred and twenty-five ships of three thousand tons each, and still have left twice as much money as Mr. Rockefeller's whole fortune is reputed to be.

When it comes to using the billion in relation to height we must be very cautious. Let us again seek a familiar object—a copy of the Chicago Ledger. Take a leaf between the thumb and finger. The paper is not thick, is it? Now, begin by the side of Trinity Church, and pile up the sheets, pressing them down very, very close to each other. The top of the steeple is passed before you have sensibly lessened your stock of paper. Try the Andes or the Himalayas, they climb high up in the heavens. Pshaw! Why, the distance is nothing. Well, pile on, and on, and on, and when you have a pile one thousand miles high stop to rest. At every thousand miles of length stop, and when the last sheet is put in place you will have stopped at least forty-eight times. In other words, your pile will be over forty-eight thousand miles high. And, if you doubt my word, measure the thickness of one sheet, and make the calculations yourself.

There is still another calculation which may be made, and that is to determine the relation of a billion to bulk. Grains of sand might do for the purpose, and everybody who wishes to make the calculation may do it in this way. Count out one thousand grains of sand, and then get the exact measurement of that amount. Measure out one thousand just such amounts, and obtain the solid contents of that pile. Now you have only to measure out one million such piles, and you will have an approximate idea of the bulk of one billion grains of sand.

Yes, a billion is of startling magnitude, no matter how small a unit we use, unless, indeed, we take some microscopic object, and then in all probability we shall be as much astonished to find that the great artificer has no difficulty in comparing this enormous number in relation to time, distance, height, and bulk in what has appeared to us an insignificant object. The human mind, which has been admitted to the partial-realization of the smallnesses and greatnesses of the creation, can in a measure see the insignificance of the genus homo—the great I am of the twentieth century.

Out of Work.

One of the Senators from Georgia tells of a darky in that State who sought work at the hands of a white man. The latter inquired whether the negro had a boat. Upon being answered in the affirmative he said:

"You see that driftwood floating down the stream?"

"Yassah."

"Then," continued the other, "row out into the river and catch it. I'll give you half of what you bring in."

The darky immediately proceeded to do as instructed, and for a while worked hard. Then, of a sudden, he ceased to labor and pulled for the shore.

"What's the trouble?" asked the employer.

"Look hyar, boss," said the darky indignantly, "dat wood is jest as much mine as yours. I ain't gwine to give yo' any. So I's outer work again!"

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Coffee Finally Had to Go.

The way some persons cling to coffee, even after they know it is doing them harm, is a puzzler. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee.

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But Mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up.

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish, I asked for a taste.

"That started me on Postum and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now.

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it.

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the little book "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

A Difficult Subject.

When Mrs. Hanson entered the photographer's studio, her small son held in a firm grasp, there was a look of determination on her face which showed it was no time for trifling.

"Now see here," she said, swinging the reluctant James Henry into prominence from the position he had selected behind her skirts, "this boy has got to have a picture taken to send to his grandfather that he's named for, and I expect you to do it."

"Certainly, madam," said the photographer, blandly. "Now what style—"

"I don't expect any style at all," answered the mother of James Henry, pulling him up from the floor to a half-kneeling attitude. "If you can just get his features into the camera, that's all I expect.

"There was a traveling tintype man came to our town last spring. He took two dozen of me for a breakfast and supper and two dozen of father for his night's lodging, and three dozen of little Emma Jane for the next day's dinner. But after he'd had one try at James Henry he said that unless father had a good half-worn suit o' clothes to let go, he couldn't undertake to secure a likeness of the boy, and he'd rather be moving on."

'THE THOUGHT IS A BEAUTIFUL ONE'

The Charitably Inclined Can Aid in a Heart Impulse that Will Bring Them Pleasure in Giving.

From the Richmond (Va.) News-Leader.

Editor J. A. Robinson.—"Jim" Robinson—who is editor and also owner of the Durham, N.C. Daily Sun recently suffered a desperate illness. The doctors despaired of his life, but he recovered on his nerve and grit. He is doing what most people who recover from illness or misfortune or escape great danger forget to do. He is trying to express and prove his gratitude to the God whom he thanks and to whose special mercy he attributes renewed life and health. Therefore he is using his personal efforts to secure $4,000 with which to provide a set of chimes for St. Philip's Episcopal church at Durham, a beautiful structure now nearing completion. He is anxious while he lives to hear the thankfulness of one penitent and grateful sinner sing out from the tower the familiar airs of praise and prayer; and that long after his death the mercy shown him shall be commemorated along with his humble love and reverence, and that of those who aid him. The thought is a beautiful one.

Mr. Robinson asks his fellow-newspaper men to help him and to say that all contributions sent to him at Durham, N. C., will be thankfully received and faithfully applied. His undertaking is endorsed cordially by the Rector of the church, the Governor of the State, and prominent citizens of Durham. Mr. Robinson has undertaken the work of securing the chimes—which he himself cannot provide from his own means—with the zeal and energy which makes the Durham Sun one of the brightest and most influential newspapers in North Carolina. The smallest amount sent him is just as gratefully received as the largest. Will you not add your mite, and "rejoice with those who do rejoice.'

DAILY SUN OFFICE,
DURHAM, N. C.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Will not your charitable nature prompt you to send me 25 cents for the above object, and induce you to interest yourself, in the "Master's Name," and write to four of your friends, soliciting them to make a similar contribution, and they in like manner to their friends? Of course if you send more than 25 cents, the joy will be greater. You will have a voice in the sweet sounds of the bells, as they ring out their praises to a kind Heavenly Father for His blessings to you as well as others. Remember, "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Earnestly soliciting this small sum, and your co-operation with your friends and they with their friends, and praying God's richest blessings upon you and your contribution, I beg to remain,

Yours most gratefully, for the Master's glory.
JAMES A. ROBINSON, Durham, N. C.

Contribute now before you forget it, and sleep well tonight over one good deed done today. Keep me—this slip—going. Send it to a friend of yours.

False Alarm.

Wife (time, midnight)—Hark! Husband! Wake up! I hear the rustling of silk and the clank of chains.

Husband—You do? Horrors! Then the reports are true. I was told this house was haunted.

Wife (much relieved)—Oh, is that all? I was afraid Fido had broken loose and was tearing my new ball dress.

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The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a receipt for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell receipts, but give copies to friends. Address, with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Society, 630 Gray Building, Kansas City, Mo.

FUNNY FANCIES

An Accidental Shot.

Last summer Butterwick's brother spent a few weeks with him. He owned a "pistol cane," which he carried about with him loaded; but when he went away he accidentally left it behind, and without explaining to Butterwick that it was different from ordinary canes.

So, one afternoon, a few days later, Butterwick went out to Keyser's farm to look at some stock, and he picked up the cane to take along with him. When he got to Keyser's the latter went to the barnyard to show him an extraordinary kind of a new pig that he had developed by cross-breeding.

"Now, that pig," said Keyser, "just lays right over all the other pigs in the Atlantic slope. Take him any way you please, he's the most gorgeous pig anywhere round. Fat! Why, he's all fat. There's no lean on him. He isn't anything but a solid mass of lard. Put that pig near a fire and in twenty minutes his naked skeleton'd be standing there in a puddle of grease. That's a positive fact. Now, you just feel his shoulder."

Then Butterwick lifted up his cane and gave the pig a poke. He poked it two or three times and he had just remarked:

"That certainly is a bully pig," when he gave it another poke, and then somehow the pistol in the cane went off, and the pig rolled over and expired.

"What in the mischief did you do that for?" exclaimed Keyser, amazed and indignant.

"Do it for? I didn't do it! This thundering cane must have been made out of an old gun-barrel, with the load left in it. I never had the least idea, I pledge you my word, that there was anything the matter with it."

"That's pretty thin," said Keyser; "you had a grudge agin' that pig, because you couldn't scare up a pig like him, and you have killed him on purpose."

"That's perfectly ridiculous."

"Oh, maybe it is; but you'll just fork over two hundred dollars for that piece of pork if you please."

"I'll see you in Dutch Guiana first."

* * * * * * * *

Then there was a lively row, Butterwick whipped; but if Keyser did give in first, Butterwick went home with a bleeding nose, and the next day he was arrested for killing the pig. The case is coming up in a few days; and Butterwick's brother is on here ready to testify about that cane. Butterwick himself walks now with a hickory stick.

Good-Looker in Hard Luck.

A neatly dressed young woman went to the railroad station in a New Jersey town, as if to meet some one. As the train came in she saw a middle-aged man, and she rushed into his arms, kissing him on the cheek effusively. She did not know the man at all, who was a middle-aged traveling salesman. He took a long breath and looked around at some other travelers and winked, as much as to say, "Oh, I'm such a masher!" Of course, the scene could not last forever, though he wished it could.

After a spasmodic hug she looked up in his face and shrieked, "You are not my pa!"

He said she guessed right the first time.

She asked his pardon and he told her not to mention it.

"We good-looking men should always hold ourselves in readiness to support those who need it."

She smiled a sweet, sad, blushing smile, and went out into the wide world, while the traveler walked to the hotel with some of his acquaintances of the road. They asked him if it didn't make him feel ashamed to have such a mistake made, and he said no, it was all right. He said, of course, it might look queer, but those things occurred very often with him, as they might occur with any other fine-looking man. Besides, the girl probably enjoyed it.

Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond breastpin on such trying occasions. He felt his scarf instantly, only to discover it was gone. While he had been allowing the girl to play the daughter she had stolen his diamond. Both she and it were gone.

Mark Twain's Discounts.

Mark Twain recently went up into the sales department of a publishing house, and being attracted by a particular book, asked the price.

"Four dollars," said the clerk.

"Well, now," said Mr. Clemens, "I am a newspaper writer. Don't I get a discount for that?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk.

"I am also a magazine writer. Do I get something off for that?"

"Yes," said the clerk, "you get a discount for that?"

"I am also an author. Don't I come in on the author's discount?"

"Yes, sir, you get the author's discount."

"In addition," said Mr. Clemens, "I am a stockholder in this house. Does that entitle me to something off?"

"Yes, sir," the clerk returned.

"Now," continued Mr. Clemens, "I would like to state that I am Samuel Clemens. Does that fact entitle me to another rake-off?"

"It does," said the clerk after a moment's hesitation.

"That's good," replied the author, "now how much do I owe you?"

"We owe you 80 cents said the clerk.

Man a Base Deceiver.

The awful moment had come at last. She was in the dentist's room—nay, worse, even in the dentist's chair!

She had had a raging toothache for a week, and her fond and devoted lover had himself brought her to the torture-chamber. Without his courage and help she would never have faced the terrible ordeal.

"Oh, I can't—I daren't have it out!" she moaned, as the dentist stood over her. "I can't bear the pain."

"My darling," her lover expostulated, in honeyed accents, "you must try to bear it. It won't hurt much—Doctor Moore is very careful—and it will be over in a moment."

"Oh, I simply daren't," she quavered.

"Then," said the gallant swain, "I'll have Doctor Moore extract one of mine to show it doesn't hurt."

Thereupon he sat down in the chair, and the dentist prepared to proceed with his deadly work. She waited till the forceps were within his jaws. Then she sprang up.

"No," she cried. "Brave as you are, you shall not suffer for me! You have proved your devotion. I will bear it!"

A few moments later the offending molar was extracted.

"Dearest," she murmured to her young man, as they left the torture-chamber, "now I can believe that you would die for me!"

Yet every tooth in his head was false.

Her Consolation.

Louis James, the veteran player, relates a story of the early days of his career, when he was a member of a "fly-by-night" combination doing melodrama in the small towns of the West.

The soubrette of this company possessed, in addition to her historic abilities, considerable skill as a pianist. For a long time the young woman had been desirous of affording the audiences some example of her musical genius, a desire that was finally gratified in an ingenious manner.

One evening in Dubuque the audience was somewhat surprised, at the rise of the curtain, to behold a splendid grand piano placed at the foot of a huge mountain, the scene being in the Rockies.

From the flies and down the steep path of the mountain the soubrette sped, with all the haste of one pursued. At the base of the mountain she paused for breath. Then, with a start, observing the instrument, she stopped, as if enraptured. Clasping her hands in ecstacy, the soubrette delivered herself of the following lines:

"The fiendish savages have killed my parents and my only brother; they have burned our cottage and stolen our cattle, but heaven be praised, they have spared my piano. Music shall be my consolation. And now, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I shall render that beautiful selection entitled 'The Maiden's Prayer.'"

Waiting for a Cue.

Guest (in a hotel bedroom, shivering)—Cold as all outdoors! I want a fire. Quick!

Porter (opening a window)—Yes, sah; bettah air the room, sah; awful close heah.

Guest—Why, I'll freeze with that up. Woo! Put it down.

Porter—Yes, sah, right away, sah. There, sah. Perhaps this other window hasn't so much draft, sah. Try that, sah.

Guest—Great snakes! Woo! Put it down. I want a fire, I tell you. I'm half-frozen. Can't you see?

Porter—Yes, sah. Pretty cold heah, sah, but not half so cold as in Dakota. I was in Dakota once sah, and——

Guest—Hang Dakota! Why don't you get some coal?

Porter—Yes, sah, right away, sah. Evah in Montana, sah? I spent one winter in Montana, and it 'most took my hide off, I jes tell you, sah. Why, sah, one mornin', sah, I think it was in January or February, sah, mebby in Decembah; you see, sah, I ain't very good at dates, but it was——

Guest—Here! Here's a quarter.

Porter—Have a big blaze in a minute, sah.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Mr. George Marshall, a philanthropist, who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests, some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before, and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnny, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet your life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry.

"Peter, pass your plate for some hash"—to another freckled-nosed lad.

"Not if I knows it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash, from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," replied the lad, "but none of yer review of reviews for me for dinner."

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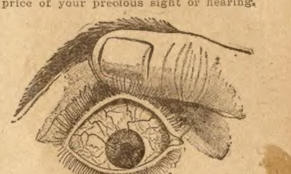

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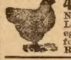

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OR, OPAL DAYNE'S TERRIBLE MISTAKE

By T. C. HARBAUGH

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CHAPTER IX.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

The two days that followed the tragic events we have narrated were good to Col. Dayne.

He came out of the stupor of the dastardly shot and regained his mind, but he could throw no light on the attempted murder. As yet Opal had held back the story of her marriage, wishing that she could keep it always from him. But she knew that some time or other it would reach the wounded man, and she, girl like, put off the evil day as long as possible.

Stealing into the little room where her parent sat in a chair, his face thin and drawn, and his eyes hollow with the pain of his hurt, she heard his voice as he called her to his side.

"What is it, papa?" asked Opal taking the chair at his left.

"I sometimes think I am dreaming," said the Colonel as he took Opal's hand and drew it softly toward him.

"Dreaming of what, papa?"

"It was last night and I was all alone. Suddenly I heard voices at the window, and by listening I recognized the speakers."

"Yes?"

"They were Lucy and Joe."

Opal started, a little fearful of what was coming.

"Well?" she said softly.

"If what I overheard is true, why have you kept it from me?"

Their eyes met, those of the daughter full of her suspense and sorrow, and the father's an inquisition.

"What did Joe and Lucy say?"

"It was about this marriage, if such a thing has really occurred. They said that you are the wife of Mark Calvert."

The whole soul of the girl seemed to take flight. She turned away her face for a moment, but it came back to the gaze she could not avoid.

"For your sake, not for mine, papa," she said. "You were grievously hurt."

"Yes, and you are his wife?"

"Heaven help me, I am. What a foolish girl I was to think of such a thing as a marriage en masque, but I thought it was Guy."

"I see."

The gaze of Colonel Dayne wandered toward the window, and for a minute rested there.

"I understand," said he and his teeth met firmly. "It was a foolish thing to be sure, but love is blind, you know."

A smile came to Opal's lips.

Was this to be all the scolding she was to get? Had her secret no more weight than this? Her heart took hope.

"You will forgive me, papa?" she cried. "I admit my foolish guilt. I will bow my head to the whirlwind harvest."

"Let Mark Calvert reap that harvest, not you, child," he said. "It was his sowing more than yours." And he leaned toward Opal as she whitened and imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

In the transports of her joy the fair girl threw her arms about her father's neck and kissed him.

"Is Carringford in the house?" he asked.

"What, Polk Carringford?"

"Yes."

"He is in the yard now, talking with Durgin."

"Call him in."

Opal rose and obeyed.

In a moment, a tall, well-built man of forty, entered the room and took off his hat.

"I'm glad you're here, Polk," said Colonel Dayne. "No, do not go Opal. I want you here."

Opal remained and took her old seat.

Polk Carringford was the plantation's main man, the head of the watchers, a shrewd, discreet person and one who had made his mark during Ku Klux days as the head of a clan.

"You know what happened at Bascom's?" said Dayne.

Carringford glanced at Opal, but did not speak.

"Opal has confessed," continued Colonel Dayne. "She is in the eyes of the law the wife of Mark Calvert."

"I guess that's right, Colonel."

"Now, Carringford, I want that man brought to me."

Opal uttered a little cry.

"Be still, child. I am master here. You heard me, Carringford?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want Mark Calvert brought to this house. He has a right to see his wife in the presence of her father."

"But, papa——"

"Silence!" commanded Dayne. "You will obey me, Polk?"

"As I live, I will."

"I knew I could trust you. If he will not come of his own free will, you will see that he comes without that?"

"I will, sir."

"He may resist. The man is not to be harmed. I forbid that."

Carringford bowed and rose to his feet.

"What are you going to do?" cried Opal, laying her hand on her father's arm. "If you will wait I will avenge this trick."

"No. I have sent for Calvert and he will come."

"But, Guy?"

Opal had turned to Carringford.

"He's missing yet. We have searched the Black Swamp, but he is not there."

"You found his horse?"

"Yes, but there was no bloodstains on the animal. It's a pretty deep mystery."

"But one which shall be solved."

"One thing at a time, child," said Colonel Dayne. "Now you can go, Carringford. I care not where you find Calvert. He must come back with you."

"Alive or dead, papa?"

"Alive, of course."

Polk Carringford, thus commissioned, walked from the room and again father and daughter were alone.

"What is your plan, papa?" asked Opal.

"It will unfold itself in time," was the reply. "I want to see my new son-in-law."

"Call him not by that name."

"He is nothing else. He is your husband, Opal——"

"By trickery, and by a trick I do not recognize."

Colonel Dayne again drew his daughter's hand toward him and let it fall into his lap.

"I don't blame you, child," said he.

"Not when I am the guilty person? It was my suggestion, but to Guy. Mark Calvert overheard our plans and took base advantage of them."

"Just like him. Now will you leave me alone. I want to rest."

Opal kissed him and withdrew.

Out on the porch she let the cool winds of night fan her heated cheeks. She would have to face her husband in her father's presence; she would have to face him as his wife, and that was the bitterest thought of her life.

Presently there came into sight a crouching figure that riveted the young girl's attention.

She was not perceived, that she knew, for the crawler came almost straight to the house and his movements told that his mission was not a lawful one.

Opal fell back behind one of the pillars of the porch and looked with all eyes.

The person slipped around the end of the porch and moved toward the window of her father's room.

The girl seemed to have grown into a statue on the veranda.

A lot of vines grew about the window in the summer, redolent with the perfume of the yellow honeysuckle, and for a moment Opal lost sight of the man.

Her weapon was upstairs in her own little room and she dared not quit the porch long enough to go after it.

She would watch the intruder.

A noiseless step carried her to the end of the porch, and there she saw the dark figure of a man at the window. His face was glued to the pane and he was looking in upon her father, whom she imagined was asleep in his chair.

All at once one of the man's hands moved toward a pocket, and Opal lost her breath. The hand gripped a revolver.

CHAPTER X.

THE CRIMSON CAPS.

The intent of the intruder was apparent to the girl on the porch at Riverside.

As yet, she could not see his face, but she could make out the outlines of his figure and that was enough. Opal Dayne waited a moment longer, then with a bound she cleared the fringe of the veranda and landed at the man's side.

"What means this?" she demanded.

The fellow turned his face, for a second seen by the light from the house, and his whole form stood revealed.

"Who sent you on this errand, Batt Selkirk?"

He, for half a second seemed inclined to laugh in Opal's face. She knew him for a desperate man, against whom more than one crime was set, and she knew, too, that he belonged to the feudist faction opposed to her father.

"You heard me?" continued Opal as her hand fell upon the man's arm not far from the cocked weapon. "I asked you who sent you on this errand?"

"What is it to you?" he growled as he tried to brush her aside.

"It is everything. In yonder lies all my hope in this world. My father has come out of one shadow and now you would send him deeper into another."

"You mean——"

"Your revolver gives you away. You came here to commit murder; in other words to carry out what the other wretch failed to accomplish."

"That's pretty bold, girl."

"But it is true. Why don't your master come in person and carry out his own plans?"

"My master?"

"My husband."

"Oh! You think Mark Calvert sent me hither?"

"I do."

"I have no connection with your husband," laughed Selkirk.

"Then, who sent you?"

The man was silent. For a little while he looked into Opal's face and then stepped back.

"I'd like to show you something, girl," said he.

"You?"

"Yes. You have heard of the Crimson Caps."

"Yes, everybody has heard of that desperate band of night riders who have grown out of the old Ku Klux."

"You have never seen their haunts?"

"No, nor do I wish to."

"What if I were to invite you to see them this very night for his sake?" and Batt Selkirk glanced toward the window.

"Only for his sake would I see the Crimson Caps."

"You would go, then?"

"Only for my father's sake."

"Come with me, then."

"But you came here to kill."

"Where's your proof, girl?"

"The weapon you hold in your hand."

"I put it up. I did not come here to kill. Will you take the word of Batt Selkirk?"

"Are you a Crimson Cap?"

"You are very inquisitive, my girl, but that is the way of women. Do I look like a Crimson Cap?"

"Who led the last Ku Klux raid along the river?"

"I did."

"Who commanded when the last carpetbagger was whipped almost to death in the Black Swamp?"

"Batt Selkirk."

"And yet you profess to be an angel with a revolver on your person and your feet planted beneath the window of my father's room?"

"Cut out the angel part, girl. I'm no such person. I subscribe to a lot of sins not very nice, but truly I did not come here to kill."

"Why did you come?"

"You can be answered in another place. There are secrets not yet yours. Will you come with me? Will you trust yourself to the company of Batt Selkirk, who will conduct you to the Crimson Caps?"

"I will!" cried Opal. "I will go with you."

"My horse is down at the forks of the road. I will wait for you there."

"I will join you."

Opal saw the man glide across the sward and vanish among the deeper shadows of the night.

She re-entered the house and stole a look at her father asleep in his chair. Then she bounded up the staircase and took her revolver from its hiding place beneath her pillow.

This done, she went below and left the house. What was to be the outcome of this nocturnal adventure she could not guess. She was putting herself into the hands of a lot of men whose acts had startled the whole district. The old Ku Klux had disbanded when there was no further use for them, and in their place had come the new organization, the Crimson Caps.

The members of the new band were not known to the residents of Pearl River district. Every species of crime had been laid at their door, but not once had they been brought before the bar of justice. It must be said in their favor that those who had felt their iron hand were not the best class of citizens, though on one occasion at least, a highly respected person, a prominent banker, had been taken from his home and lashed by the Caps.

And now Opal was about to put herself in the power of one of these men.

Had she been asked, she could not have told why. She had nothing in the way of a pledge of safety, but Batt Selkirk's word. And Opal Dayne had a poor opinion of the word of a desperado.

She might have turned back long before she reached the forks of the road.

Perhaps the man would not be there. Fearing that she would tell those who were watching the plantation that he was in the vicinity, he had concluded to depart.

But when she reached the rendezvous he was there, sitting on his horse like a Centaur and waiting for her.

"So you've come?" he said with a little smile. "I thought you meant business when you promised to meet me."

"I try always to keep my word," replied Opal.

"Come, then."

The horses' heads were turned down the road and away they went across the plantation lying in the faint light of the half crescent in the sky.

More than once Opal glanced furtively at her companion. He looked straight ahead and never for a moment seemed to be a doubter of her word.

They reached the hills and then galloped over them, striking a road on the other side. Suddenly Batt Selkirk turned to Opal and spoke for the first time since the inauguration of their ride.

"I must insist upon one little thing, Miss Dayne," he said. "You must be blindfolded at this point."

"Is it necessary?"

"It is."

Opal took her white handkerchief from her bosom and handed it to her companion.

Batt Selkirk leaned toward her and adjusted the blindfold, saying as he drew back:

"You can see nothing, girl?"

"Absolutely nothing. Everything is dark to me."

The left hand of Selkirk seized Opal's bridle and again the journey was resumed.

The ride was becoming interminable when Batt spoke again.

"We have arrived, Miss Dayne."

Opal was assisted from the saddle and escorted away.

"There are steps here," said Selkirk at her side. "There are four of them."

Opal ascended, counting the steps and was led across what seemed to be a porch. A door opened.

Another moment passed and she knew from the air she breathed that she stood in a room of some kind.

"Most Exalted Ruler," she heard Batt say. "I am back, but, as you see, not alone."

"Who have you there, brother?"

"I have brought the child of the Man of Gettysburg."

A low murmur from many lips seemed to run around the room.

CHAPTER XI.

OPAL AND THE CLAN.

For a moment after the strange murmur the room became quiet. Opal stood blindfolded in the presence of the clan of the Crimson Caps. Her heart seemed in her throat and she dared not let a syllable escape her.

"So," said a sonorous voice which at the time was deeply solemn. "So you have with you, brother, the child of the Man of Gettysburg?"

"She is with me."

"What seeks she in the lodge of the Crimson Caps?"

"I brought her here that she may receive light and tell us what she knows."

"Let the mask fall from her eyes."

There was a quick manipulation of the blindfold and the handkerchief dropped to the floor.

For a little time the eyes of the girl were blinded by the light that greeted her, then she perceived that she stood in the presence of twenty masked men, who wore, besides a crimson cap, a mask of the same color.

The chief of the clan sat on a raised dais while the others were arranged around the room, all but the chief standing. The room itself was plainly furnished, there being no insignia of the order in sight in the shape of paraphernalia, and but for the crimson caps Opal might have deemed herself in the midst of a common order of men.

"Number Three will report," said the chief.

Thereupon Batt Selkirk detailed his journey to Riverside, how he had seen Colonel Dayne in his chair and how Opal had surprised him at the window.

"Now," proceeded the man in the armchair, "the daughter of the Man of Gettysburg will become a member of the Clan of the Crimson Caps. She will prepare to become one of us."

Opal started.

"But what if I do not care to become one of you?" she exclaimed. "I thought not of this when I promised to follow my guide."

REVIVED AT LAST

Emaciated Woman Restored By Proper Food.

The amount of harm done from eating food which lacks the nourishing elements, or is in such form that the system can't absorb it, is much greater than many persons even suspect.

The harm can't be corrected by drugs either. There must be a complete change in the dietary—the cause of the trouble must be removed.

"I have been a constant sufferer from stomach trouble, constipation and neuralgia, for the past 14 years," writes a Mich. lady, "and the past year became tired of life, of everybody and everything.

"The best doctors and several weeks at a Sanitarium afforded me only temporary relief. Finally an attack of the grippe caused me to give up hope of ever being well again. I was growing weaker and more emaciated every day.

"At last a doctor advised me to try some predigested food, as nothing would stay on my stomach. My husband sent for some Grape-Nuts, of which I ate a little with milk, and then awaited the usual results.

"My stomach did not reject this food, and from that time on for several weeks, I lived on Grape-Nuts and milk. I felt no pain whatever in my stomach, my health gradually came back and in five weeks I gained 25 pounds. I derived more strength from Grape-Nuts than I ever did from a meat and potato diet." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

The Rivals.

Mrs. Richfello—Miss De Slimm is evidently a woman of many fine points.

Rival Belle—I should say so. Did you see her elbows?

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Always Put Up.

Harker—Blowall has had his ball suit down to his "uncle's" six times this year.

Barker—Ball suit? H'm! I should call that a three-ball suit.

Personal.

I wish all good people who are thankful to the Lord for a blessing of any kind to send me 25 cents, or more if your grateful heart dictates, for the church chimes, to be put in St. Philip's church, Durham, N. C. Join in getting them up as a thank offering and the Lord will bless you. Endorsed by the churchmen and Governor of State. Perpetuate your memory in the bells. Address J. A. Robinson, Daily Sun Office, Durham, N. C.

"But since you have penetrated to our secret chamber——"

"Know that I thought not of this contingency——"

"Silence!" almost roared the Crimson Cap. "It is for the good of yours, girl."

"Tell me how."

"Let the future answer that question."

"But I am but a girl. I cannot play the dark games you are credited with playing."

"You may not be asked to play them."

"If you will release me I will return home and keep secret the adventure of this night."

"It is too late."

Two men advanced from the wall and laid hands on Opal.

"Hold up your right hand, sister."

"Is it the oath of the Crimson Caps?"

"It is."

The girl pulled back, but soon discovered that she could not escape the grips of steel.

"She is ready," said one of the men, lifting Opal's hand.

"Do you swear, sister, ever to keep the oath of the Crimson Caps and obey their commands? Do you swear to do at all times the bidding of the order, to question none of its commands, but to obey them without shrinking?"

Opal did not speak. What was this terrible order anyhow? What would be its commands and how should she, a young girl, carry them out? The oath rang in her ears like a knell of doom. She thought of her father lying in the shadow of death, of what might happen if she allied herself to the Crimson Caps and her inner nature shrank aghast from the oath proposed.

"You swear, sister?" said the man in the chair, and Opal thought she had seen before the eyes that gleamed behind the red mask.

"What if I refuse to swear?" she ventured.

"Do not refuse, sister."

"What if I swear and betray the secrets of the Crimson Caps?"

"Better had you never seen the light of day!"

She cast a hurried look around the room. Batt Selkirk stood unmasked no longer. His face was concealed behind the bit of red.

"Swear," he whispered at Opal's ear.

The daughter of Colonel Dayne took hope.

"I swear," she said in a firm, clear voice.

"It is good!"

This sentence pronounced by all in the room, sent a chill to Opal's heart.

The hands which had gripped her fell away and she stood free again.

One by one the Crimson Caps came forward and grasped her hand. The pressure was hearty and for the first time Opal took hope. Surely grips like those could not mean harm to her.

"Sister, you are the daughter of the Man of Gettysburg who is your father," said the chief of the clan. "You have become a member of the brotherhood of vengeance. Should you be commissioned to carry out any plans of the brotherhood you will go straight ahead and act. Nothing will be assigned to you that you cannot do. You are the wife of Mark Calvert and as such——"

"No! no!" broke in Opal. "For the love of Heaven do not taunt me with my indiscretion. Let me forget that."

"Just as if you can," replied the chief with a little laugh. "You are Opal Calvert, much as you hate and despise the title."

"I do hate and despise it."

"As we all do," said the twenty with one voice.

Opal started and looked around the room. What did it mean? Were the Crimson Caps enemies of her husband? Perhaps she had not heard aright, but the words sank deep into her soul. And if they were his enemies let him look out.

"Sister, the solemn order of the Crimson Caps is about to be promulgated in open conclave," suddenly said the chief, calling Opal back to the present scene. "Let the High Priest come forth."

At that moment a door swung open and there advanced into the room a man robed from head to foot in scarlet. He wore upon his head the inseparable cap of the order, while his face was hidden by the red mask.

Tall, he was and as strong looking as Samson, with great hands also gloved in red, and Opal found herself gazing speechless at the giant whom she now saw for the first time.

"The High Priest David will promulgate the last law of the Crimson Conclave. Listen all of ye and accursed be the one who thinks disobedience in his heart."

The man in red raised his right hand and held it far above his head.

"The decree of the Clan of the Crimson Caps: It is hereby decreed that upon the night of the tenth the person of one Mark Calvert shall be taken from his house at the hour of twelve and carried to the edge of the Black Swamp, where he shall first be whipped one hundred and one lashes, after which he shall be taken blindfolded to the river and thrown in, bound and weighted. And so may it be with all evil doers of his species!"

Opal Dayne, with blanched cheeks hung upon every word of the decree.

Her brain seemed to reel. What would her father do when he discovered that the Crimson Caps had snatched Mark Calvert from his clutches? He had sent Carringford out for him, had commended him to bring Mark to Riverside, and here the Crimson Caps had come between. The coming day was the tenth. Its night was the night set apart for Mark Calvert's doom. And he was Opal's husband.

It was a strange situation for Dayne's daughter. She had promised herself to take vengeance for the tricked marriage; she had said that vengeance belonged to her and to no one else, and here other hands were about to step in and make her wrongs theirs.

"So mote it be," said the chief of the Crimson Caps as the last word fell from the tongue of the High Priest. "Accursed be he who says nay to the decree of the Clan."

"I say nay!" rang out the voice of Opal as she started forward. "I say nay, not because the man is my husband, but for other reasons. He belongs to me! He has been sent for by my father, who lingers in the valley of death. What will take place between them I do not know. Spare the life of this man for me. I am his wife. I acknowledge it boldly now. I protest——"

"Let the sister keep silent! The decree of the Crimson Caps is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The conclave is dismissed," and the next instant the room swam in darkness.

CHAPTER XII.

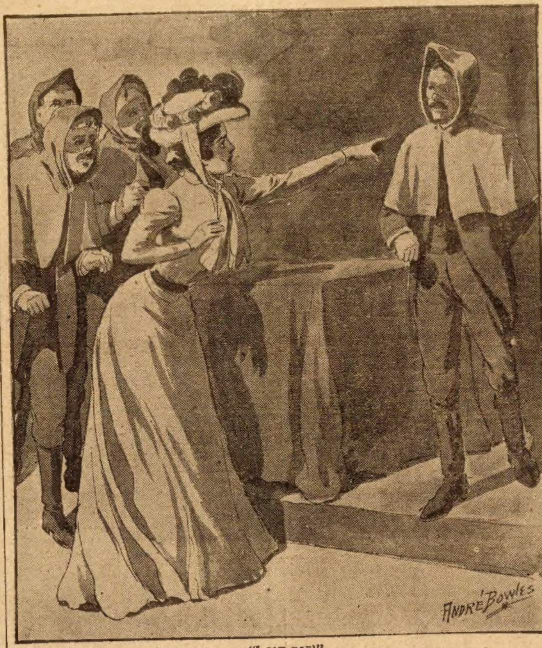
FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

Opal Dayne could hardly tell how she got home. She had an indistinct recollection of riding through the night, skirting the dewy fields on the slopes of the hills and in the little valleys. But for the stout womanly heart that beat in her bosom she might have fallen from her saddle, and at times her hands seemed to relinquish the rein.

She opened the door leading into her father's room and saw by the shaded light there, that he was quietly sleeping. Then she as silently withdrew and stole upstairs to her own chamber. It was long past midnight now. She wondered if her return had been noticed.

At last she fell asleep and when she awoke the light of the new day was streaming into the room. She sat up and for some time looked out over the pretty landscape that revealed itself to her gaze.

All at once she heard her name called at her door. In an instant she was there, looking into the face of her yellow maid, Diana.



"I say nay!"

"What is it?" asked Colonel Dayne's daughter.

"Is this yours, missus?"

The girl held out something red, and Opal, with a start, snatched it from her hands. It was the red mask of the Crimson Caps which had been placed in her hands the night before.

"Where did you find it, Diana?"

"On the porch——"

"And how came you to think it was mine?"

"Because you came in rather late."

"You saw me, girl?"

"Yes."

"Who else saw me?"

"No one that I know of."

"Come in, Diana."

The maid entered the room and Opal shut the door. They had grown up together, the two. Opal knew all Diana's failings and goodnesses. She was a girl perfectly fearless and as strong as a young lioness.

"I want you, girl," said Opal. "I have work for you."

"For me, Mis' Opal?"

"Yes. You are not afraid?"

"You've knowed me from a pickaninny. You know how I killed the big rattler that was about to kill you?"

"Yes, yes, Diana. Have you ever been into the Black Swamp?"

"No further than the edge.'

"They tell me there are trails in it."

The snakes make them."

"So I've been told."

Opal's lips came firmly together at the end of each sentence.

"It is very terrible, the Black Swamp, they say."

"It is the devil's hiding place," said the yellow girl with a shudder.

"Well, Diana, we are going into its depths."

"You and me, missus?"

"Yes."

"What is in the Black Swamp?"

"That is what I want to find out. You know they found Mr. Brinton's horse at the edge of it?"

"Yes, and the hunters did not find him in the swamp."

"They may not have gone far enough," Opal hastened to say. "We will go to the very center of it."

"When, missus?"

"Today. You will be ready just after breakfast. How is my father?"

"All's quiet in the Colonel's room."

Opal had flung the red mask upon her couch and saw the gaze of the yellow maid wander to it.

"That's a queer thing for you to bring home, Mis' Opal," she said.

"Why, queer, Diana?"

"I've seem that sort o' thing before."

"Where, girl?"

"Once when I was coming over the hills after dark. I heard a horse and I hid behind a tree. The horse came up and halted. The man took out a match to light his pipe, and he wore a thing jes' like that. He lifted his mask a minute and——"

"You saw his face?"

"Yes, I saw his face."

"Well?"

"You wouldn't believe who he was, Mis' Opal."

"You made no mistake, girl?"

"No, but I sometimes wish I had."

"Who was the man, Diana?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"But you must, girl. You must tell me who that night rider was. I will not listen to 'no'."

Diana took a long breath. She glanced around the room and then came back to her young mistress.

"It was your father, missus," said she.

Opal gave a little start.

"You are sure it was papa?" she exclaimed.

"Sure," was the reply. "The Colonel was the man with the red mask."

"You have never told him?"

"Never. I dared not tell the Colonel."

"Very well," said Opal. "I will help you keep your secret. Now come to me after breakfast."

"For the Black Swamp?"

"Yes.'

The girl retreated to the door, but with her hand on the knob, she paused and looked at Opal.

"What if we find Mr. Brinton?" she asked.

"I hope we may, and alive."

"But that won't break your bonds with Mark Calvert."

"No, no, I know that. But the secret of the Black Swamp must be solved no matter whose wife I am."

"I'll be here after breakfast."

Opal was alone again.

She fell back and picked up the crimson mask. She had almost forgotten that it had been thrust upon her. Her ride home had kept her mind on other things than the Crimson Caps, and she must have lost the mask on the porch.

She ate her breakfast alone. Diana said her father still slept and she did not care to disturb him.

After breakfast Opal slipped upstairs and took the revolver from beneath the pillow. Looking carefully to the cartridges, she concealed it on her person and waited for the yellow maid. Minutes seemed hours, but at last Diana's step was heard in the hallway.

"I'm ready," said the girl who had been educated with Opal. "I hope we may succeed."

They went to the stables and saddled two horses. Accustomed from childhood to her way without questioning on the plantation, Opal was not molested, and in a short time the two were riding away.

After a short ride the grim edges of the repulsive spot loomed up before them. They saw the gaunt trees with their drippings of moss, and from beyond these came to their ears the dismal noises of the swamp.

"We are going to the heart of this evil place," said Opal with firmness as she glanced at the girl at her side.

"For Mr. Guy?"

"Yes, for the man who was waylaid somewhere and foully dealt with. This is a journey of vengeance, Diana, and you may think it a strange one for the wife of Mark Calvert."

"And if we find him——"

"Leave that to me," broke in Colonel Dayne's daughter. "It is said that no one has ever pierced the heart of the Black Swamp and lived to tell the story."

"That is the old saying."

Opal did not reply, for they were at the fringe of the forbidding place, and their steeds were sniffing the foul odors that emanated from the spot.

"There is firm ground for a little distance," resumed Opal. "We will ride as far as we can and then abandon the horses. You are armed, girl?"

Diana displayed the silvered butt of the revolver Opal had given her some years before.

"Come, then, for life or death!" cried Opal, and they plunged into the mystery-breeding shadows of the Black Swamp.

This thrilling and remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger, giving the reader chapters filled with dramatic situations of the very highest interest. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are now sending, entirely without cost, one of our fine stereoscopes, also any six of our selected and valuable patterns, or one of our beautiful knit woolen shawls. Look at our advertisements of these splendid premiums and see if you do not wish them.

Busted a Trust.

The Long Island farmer had cultivated two acres of fall cabbages, and all through the drouth, lasting sixty-five days, he had sprinkled them with a hose and a windmill and brought them safely through to perfection. He had the only cabbages for ten miles around. He would set his own price and make the grocers and the people pay it. He drove into Brooklyn with a wagonload of his crop the other day, and when he had halted before a grocery and been asked his price he promptly replied:

"Seven cents apiece, and not a farthing less."

"I'll give you five."

"Wouldn't think of it."

"There'll be plenty coming in this week at five."

"Can't be. I've got the only cabbages in Nassau county, and they've got to bring me in seven cents apiece."

"My friend, perhaps you read of the Standard Oil company being fined $29,000,000 and over?"

"Noap. What for?"

"For being a trust. Perhaps you've read of the tobacco trust?"

"Well?"

"Well, the President is after it. Have you read about the harvester trust? President is after that. Same with the liquor trust. Did you read his Provincetown speech the other day? He's hunting for more trusts."

"And what?" asked the farmer as he began to get anxious.

"I was a trust myself until this morning. Had the only carrots in market and doubled the price of 'em, and I'm expecting the attorney general along here every minute. It will be at least $500 fine, and that's the reason I can't pay you seven cents a head for your cabbages. If the President himself should happen along looking for the cabbage trust—"

"How much will you pay?"

"Five."

"Then I'll unload 'em. Durn my cats if I'm going to get the whole United States down on me for the sake of a couple of dollars!"

Nothing to Live For.

"Your honor," said a prosecuting attorney in an Alabama backwoods court, "the prisoner at the bar is charged with killing one of the most exemplary citizens of this county. Thomas Jones, your honor, was in every respect a model man. He was a member of the church; he was never known to bet on horses, play poker, drink whisky or use tobacco. He—"

"Hold on a minute," said the judge. "You say he never bet on a horse?"

"That's what I said, your honor."

"Never was known to play a game?"

"Never, your honor."

"And he never drank liquor?"

"Never drank a drop, your honor."

"And he didn't chew tobacco?"

"Never took a chew in his life."

"Well, then," said the judge, "I don't see what he wanted to live for. There wasn't anything in life for him, and I don't see why he ain't about as well off dead as alive. Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."

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UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL CHICAGO, ILL. 238

Jealousy is the tribute a woman pays to a man's vanity.

It's hard for any man to be proud after sizing up his feet.

It is easier to secure a vindication than it is to restore virtue.

A man's wife would never know he had a temper if he didn't lose it.

In the game of love a man is apt to draw to beauty until he makes a pair.

Mistakes are funny only when other people make them and they don't hurt us.

Clinton, Ill., appears to be trying to draw public attention away from Pittsburg.

One of the "Perils That Threaten the Republic" is the oversleeping of its great men.

A girl's best insurance against trouble is to make a confidential friend of her mother.

Some men are kept so busy trying to make a living that they haven't time to live.

When two women begin to exchange compliments it's the recording angel's cue to get busy.

Every man believes there is a reward laid up in Heaven for him, but he is never in a hurry to claim it.

When a young widow asks a man if he has his life insured he's awfully slow if he doesn't take the hint.

By that judicial decision the Court of Appeals seems to have lifted the lid off the entire State of California.

There's one good thing about rainbow gold; we can't lose it because of the dishonesty of a bank official.

It will be seen that Mr. Cleveland, after bringing both lobes of his brain to bear upon the question, still declines to mount the Bryan band wagon.

Philadelphia had á butterfly party and a goldfish party and is believed to be preparing for some startling social events with humming birds and white mice.

It is estimated that there are 8,000,000 telephones in use in the world. The population of the world is not far from 1,400,000,000. From this it will be seen that the outlook for the Bell Company is highly encouraging.

We are truly sorry to learn from Mr. Kern of Indiana that the battleships now on their way to the Pacific would not last twenty minutes in the presence of an enemy. But let Mr. Kern be credited with good intentions. He wanted to save the country a bad quarter of an hour.

Her Fateful Marriage

By ANNIE BROWNLEE

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 52, Dec. 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

MORE BITTER THAN DEATH.

The shadows of twilight were gathering over the Grange before Grace, pale and exhausted, made her appearance.

Lady Althea had waited patiently for Mark Eldon's arrival, but he did not come. She had been very uneasy concerning Grace and, as the evening wore on, her uneasiness gave place to positive alarm. She was just going to send the servants in search of her, when she saw her coming slowly across the lawn toward the house. She ran to meet her, fear and alarm struggling in her heart, for it was such a pale, dejected little figure that her heart ached.

"My dear, what is it?" she asked anxiously. "Has anything happened? You look positively ill."

For a moment Grace hesitates to confide in her friend. Then the sight of the sweet, anxious face, melts the ice about her heart.

"It is all over, dear. He has gone. But it was almost more than I could bear," she says, trembling and agitated.

"You met Mr. Eldon?" Lady Althea asks wonderingly; then the truth dawns upon her, and she wonders that she had not thought of that possibility before.

"Yes; not intentionally though," with a quick glance at her friend's face. "Mark regretted having come, so instead of coming to the Grange, as he said, he decided to take a stroll in the woods till he could get a return train to London. You can guess the rest," she said wearily.

"I understand, dear," Lady Althea says, her face very thoughtful and grave. "Fate does delight in playing spiteful tricks sometimes. You go into the wood to avoid meeting Mr. Eldon, and he goes to the same place to avoid meeting you. My dear, you have been tried almost beyond endurance this day," she says, sympathetically. "You are cold and trembling; you must go straight to bed."

Grace allows herself to be led unresistinly up the stairs and into her own room, and submits to be disrobed and put to bed like a tired child.

Meanwhile, the Lady Althea is seriously disturbed about her friend. She is too genuinely fond of Grace not to be anxious about her future. Being only human and a woman, she had all the feminine curiosity attributed to her sex. She knew Grace to be virtuous, pure-minded, and loyal, but so have been hundreds of other women who, when assailed by a fierce, wild temptation, have fallen from their high estate.

"Perhaps she will tell me of their meeting," she thinks to herself. "I hope she may. Brooding in silence over these things always make them worse. What a woman can't talk about is bound to injure either her health or spirits. It worms it way into her heart into the very core of her being, and eats away all that is truest and best and most loveable in her nature."

A dim light is burning in Grace's chamber and the blinds are closely drawn. Grace lays motionless and still, and but for a smothered sob now and then, Lady Althea would have thought her sleeping. She did not try to comfort her just then, she knew that the tears would mercifully relieve the aching heart and make life more endurable.

After a while the sobs grow less frequent, then cease. Lady Althea goes to her then, and kneels beside the bed.

"Can I do anything for you, dear?" she asks softly

"Yes," the other replied, throwing her arms about her neck. "I want you to sit here by me, while I tell you the whole miserable story. You are the only one I have to love and care for now, and I want you to understand. But perhaps you don't care to hear it?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, dear, I would. I might be able to advise, to help."

"There can be no help. Our case is quite hopeless. Mark leaves for America at once, and I am very glad it is so. With an ocean between us, perhaps there may be safety. But he was so constant, so true, and his life has been ruined so utterly. You would pity him, Althea, did you see him."

"Poor fellow!" Lady Althea exclaims compassionately.

She is angry and annoyed with him, and yet she pities him, for he has proved so faithful, never so much as bestowing one tender thought on another woman. His love is so desperate, so heart-whole, so hopeless.

"My dear Grace!" she murmurs involuntarily, "your marriage was a sad mistake, but unfortunately you are not the only woman who has committed such an error. You will have to make the best of it, dear. Perhaps, now, since Mr. Eldon has gone away, the pain may be less acute. At least, you will not be under the necessity of meeting him constantly, for every meeting can only renew the pain."

"But life is so hard, oh, so hard!" Grace cries bitterly.

"I know, dear; but would it be less hard had you thrown self-respect and honor to the winds? Believe me, dear, it would have been tenfold harder. Hard as duty sometimes is, the very effort of doing it gives us greater strength for future trials."

"I can think of nothing now, but his unhappiness, his ruined life, that my own folly was the cause of it all. I did not know that I loved him so well till today. I knew it is very wrong, very wicked, for me to speak like this, but I want you to know the truth, to understand. When he said good-by to me, I felt like throwing my arms about his neck and bidding him take me with him. Honor, duty, self-respect, seemed as nothing compared with his love. But when I tried to speak my lips refused to form the words, and when speech had returned, he was gone."

"Thank God that he was!" exclaimed Lady Althea fervently. "Oh, Grace, your good angel must have saved you today."

"No, it was Mark," she answered softly. "He saw my weakness and saved me from myself."

"It was noble! It was grand!" Lady Althea cries rapturously. "I always thought Mr. Eldon thoughtless and selfish; I shall never think him so again."

"No, Mark is the soul of honor, but intensely human. Even I did not dream of his depths of feeling till today."

"I think you have both been tried very severely, very cruelly, but you were brave, and the very consciousness of having done right will be balm to your aching hearts; and you, dear Grace, can still think of your little child without shame, without reproach, despite the fierce temptations and the sorrows of life."

"Ah, why was little Dick not left to me? The sound of his voice, the clasp of his little arms about my neck, were stronger than all the bonds of honor, duty, respect. But he is gone, and I am so desolate, and life looks so terribly long, and little Dick and death so far away!"

The tears rush to Lady Althea's eyes. "Oh, my dear! What can I say to comfort and cheer you? I know something of what you are suffering today for I too, have loved and lost."

"You, Althea?" Grace cries in surprise, "and you never told me!"

"It was years ago, dear, but the wound is not entirely healed yet. I seldom speak of it, if I can possibly avoid it. But your grief has opened the wound tonight. Sometime I may tell you about it. I pray, dear, that you will not let your trouble eat into your heart and destroy your whole life. I was once as hopeless, as despairing, as you are tonight, but God pointed out the way of peace to me. I found balm for my wounded heart in ministering to the poor, the needy, in caring for the sick, and rescuing the little children from lives of degradation and shame. To you, too, dear, the way will be pointed out. You see, I have managed to live and to get considerable pleasure out of life, and despite the old sorrow that will keep coming back sometimes, I hope, God willing, to live for many years to come."

"You are so good," Grace cries sadly. "I am wicked and rebellious, and I cannot accept my fate with patience. I have no heart, no desire to minister to the poor and needy."

"Your work, my dear, is not among the poor just now. You have your husband and your duties. You are so cold, so reserved, forgive me, dear, but you are in a way estranging yourself from him."

"He is indifferent to my society. He finds plenty of amusement in the world," Grace replied coldly.

"I know, a man can always find amusement. Yet, you are acting very unwisely toward your husband. You leave him alone too much. You should be with him, your presence would have a restraining influence. For months you have not seen him. Nothing can alter the fact that he is your husband still, and as such you owe him consideration."

"But my presence is distasteful to him. We have nothing in common; our sympathies are so far apart. He sneers at and ridicules everything that is high and noble in life. He mocks at and laughs to scorn, the things that appeal to all that is truest and best in me. He loves constant excitement and pleasure. He should have married a woman who aspired to social conquests and worldly fame, a bright, vivacious character, who could keep him constantly amused."

"I know what you mean, dear. Yet, you are not fulfilling your duty to him as a wife. Duty demands much, but it also repays much," Lady Althea is saying in her low, sweet voice. "Heaven knows, dear, there are too many faithless wives, too many divided homes, for you to add to their number. Go to your husband and make a determined effort to bridge the gulf between you; strive to be to him what a wife should be, and you will surely get your reward. I want you to be brave, and face your trouble courageously and live your life nobly and well. I know I am bidding you do a hard, but not impossible thing. You will try, will you not, dear?"

Grace's head droops wearily on her friends shoulder. She feels tired, exhausted and utterly spent. The tears gather in her eyes, her heart aches with a dull, constant pain.

"I will try," she whispers brokenly. "I will do my best."

"God bless you, and give you the strength you will need!" her friend murmurs softly.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

A few days after Mark Eldon and Grace had met so inopportunely in the quiet old forest, a letter comes from Sir Richard in which a way is offered for Grace to follow up her new resolve.

Sir Richard's letter is curt and uninteresting; but he expresses the hope that Grace is weary of moping, and is ready to take her place in the social world again.

She reads the letter through several times before acquainting her friend with its contents.

"You see, dear, the way has been pointed out. Your husband desires you with him. You will go, of course?" the other asked a little anxiously.

"Yes, I will go," was the quiet reply.

A week later, Grace, with an experienced courier, set out for Paris to join Sir Richard. Lady Althea has returned to London. She feels that she has been neglecting her proteges of late; but then, Grace needed her so badly.

Sir Richard meets her at the depot where a carriage is waiting to convey them to the hotel.

"How ill you are looking," Sir Richard says. "So pale and thin; scarcely the shadow of your former self. Moping is not good for you, you must try life in gay Paris for a change."

"I have not been well of late, but I trust the change will do me good," she answered, and in the cool, sweet twilight of a summer evening they arrived at their hotel.

Grace forces herself to talk and laugh, and assumes a happy light-heartedness that she is far from feeling. But with her new resolves firm and close to her heart, and with Lady Althea's words still ringing in her ears, she will not listen to the feeling of discontent that steals into her heart.

It seems strange and, in a sense, painful, to Grace to go back to the gaiety and brillance of social life, after the quiet restfulness of the quaint, picturesque old Grange.

She is annoyed with herself for her utter lack of sympathy with her surroundings, and it is a positive relief when she finds herself alone in her room.

Her dinner gown is a delightful creation of cream silk and rare old lace. When she descends she looks more like the Grace of old than she has done for many months. Her cheeks are flushed, the softest, daintiest hue, and her eyes shine like twin stars. Her soft, snowy robes make her beauty more youthful, more pathetic. The first person to greet her is Countess Kitty, as handsome, if more portly, than when she last saw her. Grace's greetings are neither conspicuous, for cordiality, nor the reverse. She greets her merely as one of the thousands you meet today and forget tomorrow.

When dinner is over Sir Richard takes the Countess and she out into the grounds. The band has struck up a lively air, the salons are packed. Many colored, brilliant lights sparkle amid the trees, and fall on fair, lovely faces and exquisite gowns. They mingle with the gay throng. A fountain is throwing up a shower of silver spray, just ahead of them a marble statue gleams through the leaves; they can see a man's form leaning against it, a cigar between his lips. He is talking and laughing with a woman by his side. They draw nearer, the man throws the cigar away with a careless laugh that makes Grace start and grow pale. She would know that voice, that laugh anywhere. It is the man to whom she thought she had bid an eternal farewell a few short days before—Mark Eldon.

Sir Richard and the Countess notice the start and the pallor, and exchange significant glances.

Grace can never remember how she managed to greet her girlhood lover, or what words were spoken. When she had recovered composure enough to notice her surroundings, Mark was by her side. Sir Richard and the Countess have gone on ahead together. She casts a look of mute reproach at his face.

"Don't look so reproachful, Grace! On my honor, I did not know you were coming here, else I should have moved on. You believe that, don't you Grace?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered thoughtfully. "But now that I am here, you will not remain?" looking anxiously into his dark, troubled face.

"I will leave at once," he replies, without hesitation. "It's strange, though, that Sir Richard never mentioned you were coming."

"No doubt he forgot," she answered. "Have you been here long?"

"I came straight here from—from our last meeting," he answered, glancing into the pale face by his side. "Fate seems to have a special grudge against you and me, Grace. When we parted a few days ago, we little thought to meet again so soon."

Grace does not answer. She dare not trust her voice to speak, and in silence they join the others.

Grace soon after excuses herself on the plea of fatigue, and retires early.

As she sinks wearily into a chair in her room, a horrible dread steals over her. She wonders, with a dull aching heart, if those meetings will never cease. If the world is too small to part them effectually. "I thought I had drank the very dregs of my cup of bitterness, but I find I have not; fate has not willed it that I drink it all at once, but in sips," she thinks.

The following morning, at a late break-

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fast. Sir Richard mentions Mark Eldon's hasty departure from Paris.

"How very strange!" exclaims the Countess. "He told me only yesterday that he intended remaining for several weeks." There was unmistakable chagrin and disappointment in the Countess' voice and manner, and Grace wonders at it.

Grace does not speak, but her heart is aching with a dull, ceaseless pain. She knows only too well why Mark has left Paris, and her heart is full of gratitude to him for having saved her the pain, the humiliation of meeting him constantly, with the thoughts of the parting in the old forest still fresh in her mind.

Life in gay Paris is one ceaseless whirl of pleasure and excitement. To Grace, after the solemn stillness of the Grange, this life seems strange and unnatural. The mad, ceaseless rush from one place of amusement to another, seems such utter folly, such a waste of energy and time.

One day the Countess, Sir Richard, and Grace, were strolling leisurely through the hotel grounds, when they met "Cousin Charley's wife," in company with some American friends.

Grace is delighted to meet her old friend again, and shows it very plainly in her cordial welcome. The Countess is cold and haughty, and perhaps just a trifle afraid of the American's sharp tongue. Sir Richard is good-naturedly indifferent.

The American party moves on and the others continue their walk.

"How very annoying!" the Countess says with a charming little pout. "Why could they have not chosen some other place?"

Sir Richard laughs. The Countess' likes and dislikes amuse him immensely.

"What is so very annoying?" Grace asks, looking up at the clouded face of the other.

"Why, those Americans, of course, one meets them everywhere. It seems to me there is no place on earth quite free from them," she answers petulantly.

"Do you mean Mrs. Duncan?"

"To be sure! I am so sick of them, and I have been trying so hard to avoid them!"

"I don't quite understand you," Grace says, a little coldly, a little resentfully. "Mrs. Duncan is a true woman, worth her weight in gold, which is more than can be said of the majority of women nowadays."

Grace is thinking of the darkest day in her life. The day when she and Lady Althea stood and looked upon the face of her little dead darling. The day when husband and father had thought it unnecessary to come to her; when even the servants had fled. When Mrs. Duncan out of the tenderness of her heart had hastened to her side, to sympathize and relieve. And this was the woman whom the Countess was sick of, whom she had been trying so hard to avoid! No wonder a resentful, angry gleam shone in her eyes, and her lips curled with scorn.

"I have no doubt Mrs. Duncan possesses many admirable traits of character," the Countess goes on, "but so does our maids, or our laundress, for that matter; but that is no reason that we should receive them as equals."

"You are not compelled to associate with her, if you have become so very exclusive," Grace answers with considerable sarcasm.

"That's where you err, my dear. I am compelled to associate with her. They are so abominably rich, and they give such magnificent dinners and entertain so lavishly—It is not wise, you know, to quarrel with money; nevertheless, it is a dreadful bore, and she is so vulgar!"

"That should be a recommendation nowadays, I fancy," Grace observes coldly. "It seems quite the proper thing to be vulgar."

"Exactly! but there is a distinction. A woman of high birth and established position, may do pretty much as she likes. It is these Americans, these new made millionaires, with their fabulous wealth, made out of every conceiveable horror, that are so odious and yet so formidable a power."

"It seems to me that if a person is good enough for us to attend their dinners and receptions, it would naturally follow that they were good enough for us to associate with elsewhere."

"Do you receive Mrs. Duncan as an equal, then?"

"Certainly! she is one of the few women I am proud to call a friend. She is always welcome at my house, and I believe I am the same at hers. She is not what you would call cultured or refined, perhaps, but that is her misfortune not her fault, and I should never dream of hurting her feelings because of that. A lady can have no claim to the title who will smile on those whom society counts her inferiors one day and insult them the next."

"You were always so odd," the Countess says, with considerable acidity. "I have often wondered how Sir Richard and you came to marry, your ideas of life are so totally different," with a glance that might mean much or little at the amused face of the husband.

"I don't know what my husband's ideas on the subject are,"—she was very nearly saying I don't care, but restrained the rash words just in time—"but for my part, I like to be consistent."

"Oh, I suppose the American is very charming to those who can appreciate her good qualities. I confess I never could."

"It is scarcely to be expected you would," Grace answers dryly.

The Countess feels distinctly uncomfortable. Had she not long ago lost the power to blush, she would certainly have done so now, as she meets the frank, half-accusing glance of the other.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCHEMES AND PLOTS.

Grace has been a month in Paris. Time enough to tire of it all. She is forced to see things as they really are. The Countess and Sir Richard are on quite too intimate terms to be longer considered respectable. She is forced to listen to sneers and slighting remarks and humiliating pity, until her heart grows cold with shame and dread.

She came here with such good resolves in her heart, determined, if it lay in human power, to heal the breach between her husband and herself. But he is indifferent to all her charms, all her delicate consideration for his comfort and well being. Of late he has positively avoided her, and is more frequently found with the Countess. She has tried so hard to interest herself in things that used to please him, but the effort has been futile.

The Countess is always charming, but to Grace there seems to be a covert meaning in every word she utters, every soft, silvery word has a poisoned arrow hidden somewhere.

She was shortly to know that her worst suspicions were well founded. She was soon to learn that while the Countess was smiling so bewitchingly upon her, her highest ambition was to wreck her happiness and ruin her life. To steal from her the man who had promised to cherish and protect her.

Grace is having a quiet hour by herself in the hotel parlors. The guests are all out of doors, and she is sitting in a little alcove that is screened with heavy velvet portieres,, engaged upon a piece of drawnwork, when a familiar voice falls upon her ears.

"I tell you Dick, Grace is too clever to fall into any of your traps. You don't forget, I hope, how cleverly she eluded your plans in bringing her and Mark Eldon together here in Paris? Your present project will meet with the same success. She is too clever to be caught," the Countess is saying in confidential tones.

"But I will not fail this time, and you will be patient, won't you, Kitty? A desperate man can accomplish a great deal, and I am that. I must and will be free! Heavens! it's maddening to be tied to a milk-and-water creature like Grace! What a simpleton I was to imagine myself in love with her!"

"But you were, you know," the Countess says, with something like a sneer.

Grace listened in a sort of horrible fascination. It seems to her as though the ice is closing in about her heart, holding her in a cold, frozen grip.

Like a lightning flash the terrible truth bursts upon her. Her husband and the Countess are aware of Mark's mad love for herself, and had actually plotted to throw them together in Paris. For what purpose?

The pitfall set for her feet now clearly confronts her. In a few seconds she can understand many things that before seemed strange and mysterious. But that the man she called husband could have stooped so low as to deliberately plan her dishonor, that he might gain his own freedom, seems to her too terrible to be true.

She rises from the seat trembling in every limb, but with firm determination written upon every lineament of her pale, haggard face. She pushes the draperies aside and confronts the plotters against her honor, her fair name.

"Grace!" the husband cries sharply, while the Countess, pale as death, steps back.

"Yes, it is I!" she answers calmly. "You hardly expected to find me here, I suppose, judging from the conversation that has just passed. In the future I would advise you to be more cautious where you talk over your plots and schemes. If you will come to my room in half an hour I will have something to say to you," addressing her faithless husband, and without so much as a glance at the guilty Countess, she leaves the room.

In the solitude of her own room her calmness gives away, and she throws herself on a couch.

"Oh, Mark, my love!" she sobs, "thank God you were brave enough and strong enough to leave me! They may sneer at our love, and plot against it, but, as sure as the angels are in Heaven, they shall never shame or dishonor it!"

Fear, shame, disgust, sweep over her by turns. She sees the whole plot, and her own helplessness to resent it. Should her husband accuse her of loving Mark, she could not deny it. But to explain to a mind so coarse, so vile, so utterly lacking in the finer qualities of nature, the struggle against love that she had undergone, would only bring down upon her head scorn, ridicule, and disbelief.

A sudden loathing of herself—of the world—comes upon her. It seems to her scarcely possible that human beings could sink so low, could plot anything so vile. And then bitter thoughts crowd into her mind. Of what use to try and do right, to struggle for duty and honor as she has done?

Amid her sorrow and conflicting emotions there is one grain of comfort, that is, that Mark has been so brave and true. That he has kept his word and left her, instead of remaining to play with temptation, as they had hoped.

"Oh, dear Lord!" she cries in her sorrow and despair. "What will be the end? Will my strength last for my life?"

She has never felt so helpless, so desperate, so alone, as now. Thought would not come clearly, yet she knew she must act. She could not remain under the same roof with a woman whose position with her own husband she could no longer doubt.

A step comes along the corridor and pauses at her door, and Sir Richard enters.

"Well, Grace," he begins lightly, "I suppose you have been making a mountain out of a molehill?"

"I have been thinking very seriously, if that is what you mean. But, perhaps, you would like to reverse it, and make a molehill out of a mountain?" she asked calmly, too calmly for one who had received such a terrible blow.

"Oh, come now, you may as well be reasonable. We are not the first to whom marriage bonds have grown irksome, who have found out when too late what fools they have been." He pauses a moment and looks at her uneasily; her white face has grown almost ghastly in pallor.

"Go on," she says in the same calm voice, "I am listening."

"Well, then, I am sorry you heard what you did today. I have known for some time that you and Mark Eldon are more to each other than merely old friends. I thought by bringing you together here things might come about in a natural sort of way. Loving each other as you do, I thought, perhaps, he might induce you to—well, jump the traces, as the saying is." Here he pauses, and actually smiles at her.

All the blood seems to rush from Grace's heart to her face at this cruel insult.

"You imagine him as low, as base, as despicable as yourself!" she cries indignantly. "In that you are mistaken. He possesses the true nobility of soul which you lack, Sir Richard. He has more consideration, more respect for me than you—my husband. He would shield me from temptations."

For a moment his eyes droop from that clear gaze, but only for a moment.

"You don't deny, then, that Mark Eldon loves you, and that you love him?" he asked exultantly.

"No, I will not deny the truth," Grace answered, keeping her voice calm and filled with cold scorn. "We have loved each other from the time we played as little children together. But his love is worthy of the name, not a base degrading passion, steeped in evil desires, in unholy thoughts. But an emotion pure and God-like, that prompts him to shield me from evil and temptation. Mark is not the type of man to plan a wife's dishonor and shame."

"A nice thing to hear your wife speak of her love for another man," Sir Richard sneered.

"Yes, it's something about the same as hearing your husband making love to another woman," she answered ironically. "But had you stayed away from me with your wealth, your title and your pretended love, we should both have been spared much pain and misery."

"What the devil did you marry me for, then?" he asks savagely.

"That question is unnecessary; you know how I came to marry you. I was too weak to withstand your persuasions, my mother's tears and entreaties that I should become your wife. But unless you are lost to all sense of honor and manhood, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I did not seek to win you. I did not seek to deceive you into the belief that I loved you. But you were imperious and wilfull, and would stop at nothing short of possession; and my mother was grasping and worldly, and Mark was thousands of miles away, and in a moment of weakness I promised to be your wife."

"A very pretty story you tell, my lady; but where does my share of the misery come in? Do you imagine married life has been a Heaven of bliss to me all these years?" he asked angrily.

"No, I do not. But if you have been miserable you are only reaping a just reward. You should not have, in a manner, forced me to marry you. God knows I have been punished severely for my weakness, but not more than I have deserved," she answered wearily.

"Why the devil don't you cut the whole thing then, and be happy if you can? I shouldn't object, I assure you." With a cruel sneer.

Grace grows deadly pale and an angry gleam is in her eyes.

"I leave that for you and the Countess. I have no doubt you will manage it somehow," she answers coldly.

"You are right, we will manage it somehow," he says with a brutal laugh.

He is angry that his baseness and wrongdoing has been discovered, angry that Grace has stood so firm against temptation. Other women have fallen under similar temptation, why could not she?

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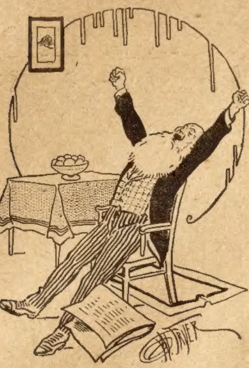
When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

Racing Term.



The home stretch.

A Mixed Metaphor.

An aspirant for congressional honors is credited with having uttered this gem of mixed metaphor:

"They will keep cutting the wool from the sheep that lays the golden egg until they pump it dry."

It Might Pay.

Great Editor (meditatively)—I wonder if it wouldn't pay for me to start a religious department in our Sunday edition?

Managing Editor—It might. I've got a scrapbook at home full of first-rate jokes about bishops.

JUST A FILLER.

Oft Tiddledy goes to the drug store,
For a glass of soda, methinks;
But they say the clerk adds something more
Whenever Tiddledy winks.

An Investigating Mind.

"It is always best to leave well enough alone," sighed the father.

"What now?" asked the friend.

"Why I took Tommy's drum away because he was trying to burst it to see where the noise came from."

"And what happened?"

"What happened? Why, the next morning when I got up I found a dead rooster. Tommy had pulled his head off to find where the crow came from.

Valuable Man.

"Yes, he had some rare trouble with his eyes," said the celebrated oculist. "Every time he started to read he would read double."

"Poor fellow," remarked the sympathetic person, "I suppose that interfered with his holding a good position?"

"Not at all. The gas company gobbled him up and gave him a lucrative job reading gas meters."

A Very Select Party.

Belle—You're to be married next week? Why, you told us you were engaged for a personally conducted tour with a small, select party.

Marion—Yes, dear. But George is the personal conductor, and I'm the small, select party.

Enough for Both.

He—Darling, I would ask you to be my wife, but I am afraid my income of only $2,000 a year would not be sufficient.

She—Oh, yes, it would. I can dress on $1,500 a year and we can have all the rest for household expenses.

His Finish.

Trotter—When I left here five years ago old Graspitt was worth nearly half a million. How much money has he now?

Homer—Not a dollar.

Trotter—What! Did he fail?

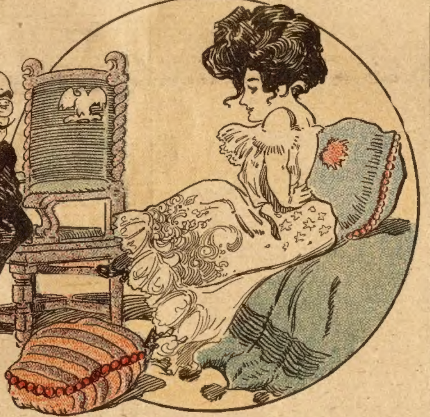
Homer—No; he just died.

Out of Stock.

Lady (to country butcher calling for orders)—Can you let me have a side of bacon this week?

Butcher—Not nohow, mum; since I lost my wife I hain't never kept another pig.

BEHIND THE SCENES.



Sweet Singer—I heard that millionaire tell the leading lady she was the apple of his eye.

Comedian—Oh, cheer up! Perhaps he meant dried apple.

Eastern Weaklings.

Miss Gotham—Why do those Westerners call Eastern people tenderfeet?

Returned Tourist—Because Eastern people can't walk forty miles into the country to look at a $10,000 surburban lot without feeling tired.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS GET THIS $200

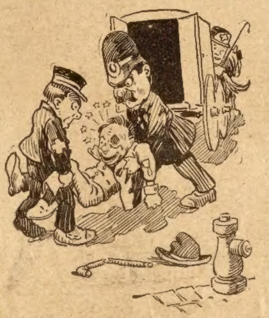
Taking only one order a day for our high-class, medium priced made-to-order Suits, Overcoats and Trousers, will give you a steady monthly income of $200.00 or more. No previous experience needed to succeed—our special guarantee plan gets the orders. Large Sample Outfit in Traveling Case furnished live hustlers free. Write now and get into business backed by big house. We will make you a cracker-jack, well-dressed salesman with money.
WARRINGTON WORSTED & WOOLEN MILLS
Dept. 80 176 Adams St., Chicago.

USE OUR MONEY

Establish a pleasant, profitable and lasting business of your own. Be your own boss. We start you in the portrait business which will make you independent. We are practical men having worked up from the ranks ourselves. We are glad to help you. What we did you can do. Free Outfit. Our 248 page book explains everything. Write for it today.

A SNAP For LIVE AGENTS

Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-30 W. Adams St., Chicago



Ambulance Surgeon—What in thunder can you find to laugh at?

Auto Victim—Aw—haw! That chauffeur will cut a new notch in his steering wheel, and then when he reads in the papers that I was not killed he will have to rub it out. Aw—haw—haw!

Missed One.

"It is remarkable how many queer people there are in the world."

"I hadn't noticed it."

"That is strange. Haven't you a looking glass?"

TICKLISH

Unsatisfactory.

Hyker—Troubled with indigestion, eh? You should drink a cup of hot water every morning.

Pyker—I do; but they call it coffee at my boarding house.

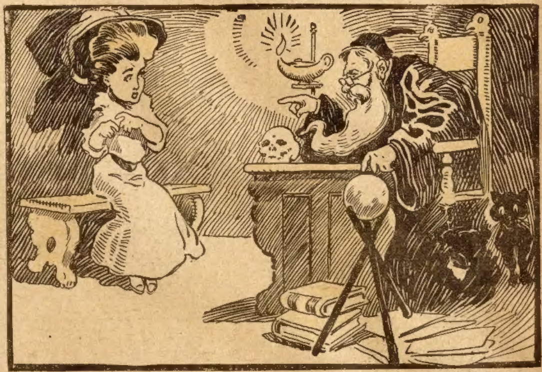
Room to Work.

Stubb—Yes, that gentleman says the more open-faced a man is the better he likes him."

Penn—Indeed! Is he a minister?

Stubb—No, he is a dentist.

PINK OR BLUE?



Medium—Are you prepared to see the shade of your great-grandfather, madam?

Customer (nervously)—Gracious! What shade is he?

His Undying Hostility.

Wall Street Magnate—You want to know what I think of Roosevelt's policies? Sir, they are infamous, outrageous, infernal! They have plunged the country into financial chaos. Would I vote for him again? No! Not in a thousand years! Nor anybody that represents his ideas!"

Reporter—I'd like to call at your office some day next week and get your views at length, Mr. Fewry."

Wall Street Magnate—I shall not be at my office next week, young man. I—I'm dodging subpoenas."

Guileless Gertie.

Gertie (who has behaved very rudely to her mamma, to her aunt)—Auntie Clara, pray don't go away yet.

Aunt (flattered)—I had no idea you were so fond of me, Gertie.

Gertie—Oh, Auntie Clara, it isn't that, but mamma said I was to be whipped when you had gone.

Reciprocal.

The ex-widower was speaking of his new wife.

"But how about the children?" queried his bachelor friend.

"Oh," replied the happy husband and father, "she doesn't mind them and they don't mind her."

Had Reformed.

Askitt—What kind of a man is Hyker?

Noitt—Oh, I guess he's all right now, but he was engaged in a shady business a few years ago.

Askitt—What was the nature of the business?

Noitt—He manufactured awnings.

The Sinning Fish.

Minister (meeting a small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish)—Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you?

Johnny—Y-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday.

Had His Picture Printed.

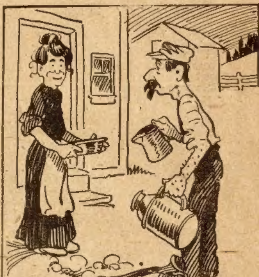
"Haven't I met you before?"

"Not that I remember."

"Your face seems familiar."

"Well, I have been cured by seven patent medicines."

Woe.



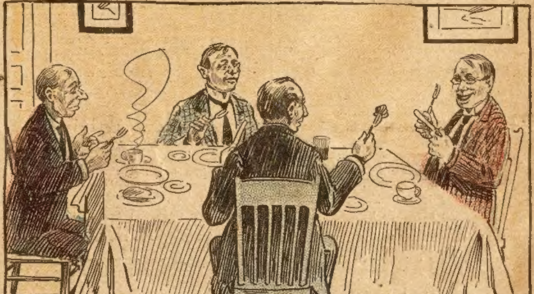
Milkman (tearfully)—It is terrible ma'am. My pet bulldog fell head first into one of the cans of milk and was drowned.

The Lady—Poor thing! Think of his finding a watery grave!

IN REACH OF ALL.

Though eatables of every kind
Must now be dearly bought,
The poorest man among us still
May have most food for thought.

NO RECORD.



Kickers—Say! I wonder how old this hash is anyway.

Slopay—Couldn't tell you, old man. I've only been here a week myself.

TACKLES

Untimely Interruption.

"Yes, my friends," the candidate was saying, pausing to take a drink of water, "if there is anything on earth I am proud of it is that I am one of the common people. My father left me nothing but his blessing and his solemn injunction to live honestly and uprightly, and to make a man of myself——"

"Why haven't you done it, Jake?" interrupted a slightly inebriated person in the audience.

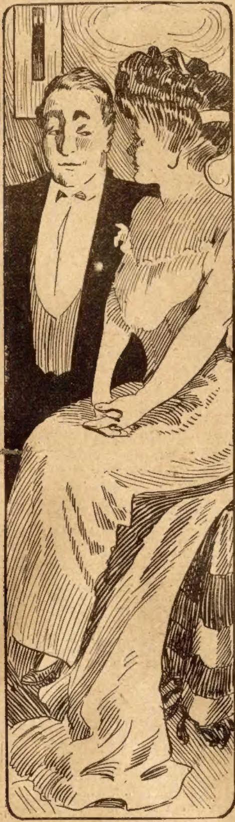
Great Racers.

"Do they have any fast horses over in the old country, Larry?"

"They do thot, sor."

"But they don't have any fast horses like we do over here. Why, our horses run so fast they can't stop."

"Thot's nothin'. Th' horses in th' ould country run so fast thot they hov to stop to keep from catching up wid awn running over their own tails."



Mr. Getzcoyne Quick—I am leaving town for my health.

Miss Askum—Do you always take your doctor's advice?

Mr. Getzcoyne Quick—This was my lawyer's advice.

Willie Asked Why.

Little Willie (who has been looking up statistics)—Say, pa, why is it that soldiers only get $13 a month and Congressmen get $13 a day?

Pa—Soldiers, my son, do not fix their own salaries.

Could Make More.

"George," said the bride of a year, "you have broken every one of the good resolutions you made during our courtship."

"Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you, dear," replied her husband. "I can make others just as good."

Couldn't Blame 'Em.

Said She—You men see to be fond of hugging delusions.

Said He—Well, we are not to blame. You women are such delusive creatures.

SAITH THE PREACHER.

While scatterin' happiness around
The greatest joy you win,
Makin' earth a little heaven
To go to Heaven in!

Too Public.

"Hello! Hello! exclaimed Percy, through the telephone. "Is that Miss Peachreen?"

"Yes."

"At last! This is Percy Plum. Do you know, Miss Peachreen, I have been trying for nearly an hour to get you!"

"La, me!" fluttered the voice at the other end of the wire. "You shouldn't do that over the telephone, Mr. Plum!"

One Woman's Wrongs.

Mrs. Smallpurse (who found only a few dimes in her husband's pockets that morning)—I am just sick of this plodding along year after year. Why don't you do something to make money?

Mr. Smallpurse—I can't make any more than a living at my business, no matter how hard I work.

Mrs. Smallpurse—Then do something else. Invent something. Any American can invent.

Mr. Smallpurse (some months later)—My dear, I've hit it, and I've got a patent. My fortune is made.

Mrs. Smallpurse (delightedly)—Isn't that grand? What did you invent?

Mr. Smallpurse—I have invented a barbed-wire safety pocket for husbands.

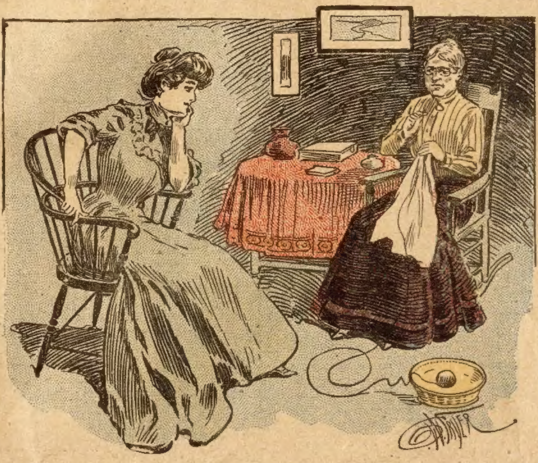
They Find It.

"Women should make great explorers."

"I don't know why."

"Ever see one hunting around to find a pocket in her dress?"

CALL TO ARMS.



Mother (severely)—But you promised if that young man tried to kiss you to rise up in arms.

Daughter—So I did, mamma, but the arms happened to be his.

What He Got.

Smart Youth (in restaurant)—Well, what have you got for supper?

Waiter—Almost everything, sor.

Smart Youth—Almost everything, eh? Well, give me some of that.

Waiter (calling to cook)—Once on the hash!

All Tastes Suited.

New Clerk—I notice some of these barrels of apples are marked X and some Z. Are they different kinds?

Dealer—No; same kind, but differently packed. Some customers want a barrel opened at the bottom and some at the top.

SHE'S MORE THAN HALF.

Man calls his wife his "better half,"
But that's a sort of bluff;
He can't deceive himself, for she's
The "whole thing" sure enough.

A Hungry Dog.

"Don't be afraid," said the woman on the front step; "that dog likes strangers."

"Yes, madam," answered Meandering Mike, "I do not question your assurance that he would like me. But do you refer to him as a seeker for companionship, or as an epicure?"

She Was Willing.

"And besides," concluded the young man who was in love, "I have money to burn."

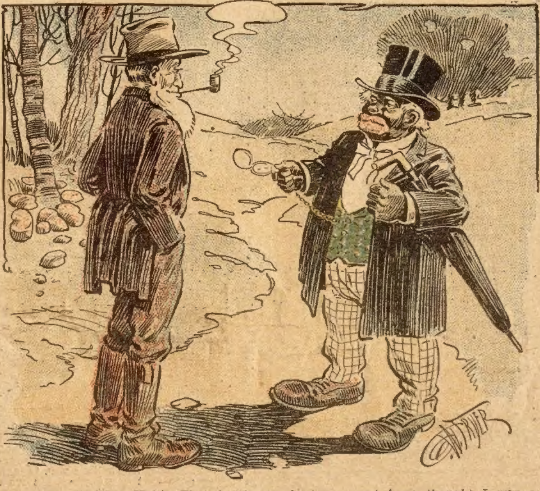
"That being the case," rejoined the fair maid in the parlor scene, "I am willing to strike a match."

Perverse.

Wife—Do come over to Mrs. Barker's with me, John. She'll make you feel just as if you were at home.

Her Husband—Then what's the use of going?—Judge.

FREQUENT STOPS.



Brother Jackson—Huh! That jeweler up in town must have thought I was a real racetrack follower. He sold me a stop watch.

Cyrus—Is it a genuine stop watch?

Brother Jackson—Wal, I should say so. It stops about fourteen times a day, sah!

BETTER STILL.

Some silly people rave about
The lay of the poet's pen:
But it simply isn't in it with
The lay of the barnyard hen.

AGENTS WANTED

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SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. *No "Bonfire" to start it.*

Lights like a flash with ⅛ of a match. That's a fact which will cost you only 1 cent a day to realize if you use a "Swiftlit" Lamp. *Think of that.*

Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. *Just like City Gas* and better than a dozen kerosene lamps. Gives from 100 to 500 candle-light power—a penetrating soft light, the best to *read* or *sell* goods by, or it will *light your whole street front* if hung over outer door.

No alcohol expense or tedious waiting. Acts simply by gravity or pressure feed. *Burners* which fit old lamps supplied cheaply. Thousands of "Swiftlit" Lamps are used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1868.

You can't afford to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for *wholesale price on specimen* "Swiftlit" Lamp. Now, don't put it off. Write *today*. Hear by return mail. *Then* order if you *want* to. You will. PLANET MFG. CO., Dept. 18, ST. LOUIS.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 1 PARSONS, KANS.

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

SELL TOBACCO and CIGARS, locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Write Morotock Tobacco Works, Box C 18, Danville, Va.

AGENTS to sell a new method for mending holes in all kinds of Granite and Tinware, no heat required; sample and terms free. Address E. E. PECK, Dept. H, BATAVIA, N. Y.

ANYONE can earn $15 to $30.00 per week handling one or more of our 80 useful articles. No traveling. Devote spare time. Write FAIR MFG. CO., M 1, 5th St., Racine, Wis.

AGENTS wanted everywhere. 30 days credit. PORTRAITS 30c, FRAMES 15c. Work guaranteed. SAMPLES AND CATALOGUE—FREE. GIBBS PORTRAIT CO., 1180-82-87 Harrison St., Chicago.

PICTURE AGENTS Large 24 x 28 Framed Wall Pictures cost 38c complete, sell for 98c easy. 120 subjects. Send stamp for catalogue. Crayon portraits 45c. Address PICTURE CO. DEPT. D WAYNE, ILL.

WANTED Lubricating oil agents, good reliable men to sell our high grade lubricating oils, greases, etc. Also Barn, Roof and House paints on commission, either side line or full time. Goods sold direct to consumer. The Reliable Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED to sell spring dress goods novelties below retail at a good profit, and to pay us for goods after delivering to their customers. A dignified and permanent business. Send for sample cards and start in. We pay full expressage on $6.00 worth or more. Address MOORE DRESS GOODS CO., 19 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

GOLD RINGS FREE
Sell 10 p'ks of Smith's Hair Grower & Dandruff Remedy at 10c. each. We trust you; when sold send money and we'll send 2 rings or choice from our premium list. Agents wanted. Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 56, Woodsboro, Md

$1 PERMANENTLY CURES FEMALE TROUBLES My suppositories embody a new principle, making them worth many times their cost, because THEY CURE. Why suffer longer? Write me today. $1 per box. *Good Agents Wanted.* MRS. BETTY FAIRCHILD, DURAND, MICH.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1016 Detroit, Mich.

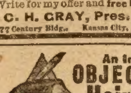
MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada

MAGIC BILL BOOK! An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c AGENTS WANTED. W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

LOTS of MAIL
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing.
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

$200 PER MONTH
IN THE
REAL ESTATE BUSINESS
I handle real estate on the co-operative plan and need you no matter where you are located. $10. capital will start you. Experience unnecessary, as I prepare you by mail and appoint you my special representative. Write for my offer and free book
C. H. GRAY, Pres.,
477 Century Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



An Indian Secret
OBJECTIONABLE Hair Removed
without injury; quickly, permanently SEE-HAIR-GO. A perfumed powder. One application often sufficient. Sample for mere cost of mailing. Did you ever see an Indian with hair on his face? The reason for the lack of hair, it is said, lies in the fact that the ingredients in the paints used for centuries on the faces of American Indians have removed all hirsute growth. Send 4 cents in stamps for trial package and many letters from those who have used it, or if you have faith that our preparation will do all we claim under our guarantee, send $1.00 for generous carton. Money returned if dissatisfied. ME-DA-WIN MFG. CO., Dept. 36, 156 Washington St., Chicago

Asthma CURE sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 736 Ohio Ave., Sidney, O.

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich

FINE POST CARDS FREE.
A set of 3 most beautiful post cards you ever saw, if you send stamp for postage. Full set of 12, all different, for 10 cts; 3 full sets 25 cts. Everyone answering this ad immediately will also receive our splendid family magazine and story paper three months on trial free. Address at once
The Household, 86 Crawford Block, Topeka, Kans.

MEN WANTED RELIABLE men in every locality throughout United States to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, bridges and all conspicuous places; distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3 a day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

FITS
EPILEPSY
OR FALLING SICKNESS
can be relieved, and quickly too. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and have hundreds of testimonials from persons who have used my remedy. Do not despair if others have failed. Send at once for treatise and a Free Bottle of my treatment. Give Express and P. O. address. W. H. Peeke, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

TEA AND COFFEE
STRAINER.
Fits any Sized Cup.
This great comfort is made of Aluminum, the lightest metal in the world. It never rusts or wears out. The strainer can be used a hundred ways. It is the most useful household article you ever heard of. We will send a sample carefully packed and all charges prepaid upon receipt of 16 cents in postage stamps. We guarantee these strainers for 15 years. Send 16 cents in postage stamps today, or you may enclose 30 cents in stamps and we will send you two strainers. Address
W.C.Watkins & Co., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

PARISIAN ELECTRO SKIN FOOD

PARISIAN
Electro Skin Food
THE TRUE
BEAUTIFIER & DEVELOPER
MADE BY
PARISIAN-ELECTRO CO.
CHICAGO, U.S.A.

The New Discovery, guaranteed absolutely and wholly soluble. The skin absorbs it as if by magic. It is the only preparation for the skin ever discovered that will truly and surely develop. It is made additionally effective by the aid of electricity, being thoroughly charged during the process of manufacture, rendering it further soluble and more susceptible to free introduction through the pores. It is the only Skin Food thoroughly and completely absorbed by the skin (hence the only true developer), in fact the skin fairly eats it, resulting in the speedy and permanent banishment of wrinkles, pimples, blackheads and facial blemishes of every kind. It makes hollow cheeks plump and rosy. It develops plumpness wherever applied; face, neck, chest or hands. It is the only preparation of its kind that will actually produce the much coveted rose tinted complexion. Its electro and healing qualities also make it an efficient remedy for chapped hands, lips, cuts, bruises, sores, etc. Two or three applications will clarify and whiten the skin and make it as soft as velvet, and its continued use for a few weeks will produce absolutely marvelous results in the most obstinate cases. An elegantly clear and flawless complexion awaits every lady who avails herself of this opportunity. In order that everyone may know of its great worth as a developer and beautifier, we will send by return post our regular large $1.00 jar for fifty cents in stamps and the name of your druggist.
PARISIAN-ELECTRO CO.,
2130 C Grenshaw Street, - CHICAGO, U. S. A

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

The Crime of the Black Thirteen

By LIEUT. GERALD CARLTON

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 1, Jan. 4. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

"A RETIRED MANUFACTURER."

Eleven o'clock the same night as described in the previous chapter. About a mile and a half due north of the town of D—— was a ramshackle old structure known as Deltoid Hall, formerly the residence of a one-time Mayor of a prominent Long Island town, and later occupied by an only son who had brought disgrace on the family name and who finally ended a career fruitful in promise, by putting a bullet into his brain.

The suicide of young Deltoid was the result of evil associates, gambling and running recklessly into debt.

Two months after Deltoid's death the Hall fell into the clutches of the money lending shark who had helped him on his downward road to ruin.

They say there is a law of compensation. It actually proved to be so in the shark's case. For one morning two years after taking possession of Deltoid Hall and its broad acres, the money-lender was discovered in his bedroom with his head nearly severed from his body.

Whether the man had committed suicide or not was never known. Then the son of the land grabber came into the property. His reign was almost as brief as his father's and pointed more conclusively to suicide.

After that nobody would occupy or go near the Hall, especially after nightfall; and so it fell from bad to worse until taken by one Darkhurst, the chief of a notorious band of Long Island thieves, known to some as the "Black Thirteen."

Darkhurst had given it out that he was a retired manufacturer from Manhattan, and as no one doubted his word he was allowed to occupy the old Hall unmolested. Darkhurst seldom had visitors—and if anybody came to see the "retired manufacturer" it was certainly observed that they didn't come until after nightfall.

Mr. Darkhurst occupied the house with three "servants" whom he had brought on from New York. The servants were all male. It was further hinted that Darkhurst was a woman hater, and so strongly was this the case that he couldn't have a woman in his employ.

But to our story.

The night was more than usually gloomy, the heavens being draped in black, sullen clouds—harbingers of a storm which had been threatening for some time and which had not set in yet. For a similar reason there was not a breath of air moving. After a calm comes a storm, reversing it.

In an apartment of Deltoid Hall in the rear sat two men. One was Darkhurst—the other Bertram, to whom the reader has already been introduced.

The apartment was plainly furnished. The furnishings may be summed up thus: Three chairs, a table, a bedstead, a bureau and a washstand.

As there was neither gas nor electric lighting in the old Hall, their places were taken by kerosene lamps of which there were two in the room.

On the table at which the men were seated were a box of cigars, two black bottles containing some spirit—probably whiskey— and some glasses, the latter partly filled with liquor and near by two half-smoked cigars.

Darkhurst looked to be a man of about forty-five—Bertram about ten years younger.

Darkhurst had a rather prepossessing face. There was nothing sinister or cunning about the eyes and the mouth with its slight iron-gray mustache was well shaped, and, when he smiled, which was rarely, exceedingly winning. He had the jaws of a man of firm character and unyielding will.

One thing was certain—that Captain Darkhurst was master of himself and a proficient in the arts of dissimulation. Indeed, this man was by no means what he appeared to be—for his was a case where a criminal career had left none of its hall marks—a very dangerous man at all times.

And Bertram? Bertram was a man of very different mold, if one were to judge by looks. For while Darkhurst had a tall commanding figure and dignified bearing, Bertram was not more than five feet six, of dumpy build, florid face, covered more or less with pimples, turned-up nose, coarse mouth and a pair of uncommonly crafty black eyes. Take these with an unusually large head for one of his size, and a voice that was strong and resonant, the whole of which suggested audacity and unlimited cheek, and you have a fairly good picture of the man.

"Just eleven," said Darkhurst, taking up his cigar which he had put down a moment before and relighting it.

"Yes, eleven to the second," echoed Bertram, taking out his watch and looking at it "She ought to have been here by this time," he added, returning the watch to his fob. "Perhaps she didn't come?"

"No fear of that. Once Madge Wilkes wires to the effect that she will be at a certain place at a certain time, rest assured she will be there."

"What time was the train to arrive?"

"Ten o'clock."

"That's schedule time," said Bertram, puffing at his cigar, "which on one of those trains means any old time—more especially when it's not an express," added Bertram—"and this, of course, is only an accomodation train."

"I'm afraid Fenwick has missed her," said Darkhurst in a disappointed tone.

"Not unlikely," replied Bertram, nonchalantly filling his glass from one of the black bottles. "I wouldn't be at all surprised. I met Fenwick before he drove off and he told me he felt as though he hadn't slept for a month, he was literally nodding as he drove away and if I didn't know that he was no drinking man, I should say he had been indulging. The train not being on time, he must have fallen asleep in the waiting room."

"This must be seen to at once," said Darkhurst rising.

"What are you going to do—walk to the depot?" inquired Bertram, reluctant to leave his comfortable seat on such an errand. "Let's wait ten minutes longer."

"No, that won't do. I'm going now," said Darkhurst firmly. "Take your liquor and another cigar to keep you company on the way, and I'll get out the light wagon and we'll drive there. We may meet them."

The horse and wagon were soon in the road. It did not take more than a minute to harness the horse to the vehicle, and less than that to go at a spanking pace to the railway station which they reached in about fifteen minutes.

On the platform Darkhurst accosted one of the porters whom he knew and who was more or less in his pay.

"Jerry," said Darkhurst, "you know Jack Fenwick, of course?"

The porter nodded.

"Was he here tonight?"

"Yes, I spoke to him when he drove up. That was at 9:55. He was waiting for the ten train. As it didn't get in on time he went into the waiting room. That was the last I saw of him."

"He came to take a lady passenger to the Hall," explained Darkhurst in a low tone.

"He didn't say who he'd come for," was the indifferent reply of the porter. "I know the train was late about twenty minutes. I was away though when it got in and when I came back Fenwick was gone—so was the coupe."

There was no use to make further inquiries, so Darkhurst left the station and rejoined Bertram in the wagon, where he had left him.

"Well?" said Bertram.

"Our journey has been for nothing," replied Darkhurst acridly. "The train was late, and the coupe has gone."

"Did the expected passenger arrive?"

"I could find nothing about that, but I suppose she did. Likely we'll find them at the Hall awaiting us."

"In that case we should have met them on the road, "returned Bertram; "but in the darkness Fenwick may have lost his way."

"Yes, that explains it, no doubt," said Darkhurst. "Jack's been drowsy and missed his way—no hard matter on such a night when you can barely see half a dozen yards ahead. Let me have the reins and whip; we'll go back."

Let us return to Jack Fenwick and Madge Wilkes.

"Now just do as I tell you," said the woman to the driver of the coupe, in that inflexion of voice that there was nothing for it but to obey. "Take your whip, mount the box while I get into the carriage, after which you may drive as fast as you've a mind to Deltoid Hall. I should think you've come seven or eight miles out of your way," Madge added.

"Yes, I have," replied Fenwick sullenly. "Well, I suppose I must drive you there," added the driver disconsolately.

"You can wager all you possess on that, my friend," replied Madge Wilkes, coolly. "What is your name," she asked, regarding the driver steadily.

"Jack Fenwick."

"Well, Jack Fenwick, do as I bid—take your whip; it will be all hours before we get to the Hall if you don't hurry."

"What excuse am I to make for the delay?" asked Fenwick, as he stooped and picked up his whip from the road.

"Make no excuse. I'll make it for you. Oh, you needn't fear that I'll give you away," Madge added, considerately. "I've pledged my word; besides I don't blame you a bit, for what you've done. In fact I'm rather pleased that I've taught you that some women can hold the whip-hand, and not women suffragists at that."

"You'll say nothing to Darkhurst?" said Fenwick, still undecided.

"Not about you—you may rely," from Madge, complaisantly. "But there must be no more talk. Get on your box at once and drive, or I may do something you won't like—just to show you that I am master," ended the woman in a tone of voice that could not be mistaken.

CHAPTER X.

"ANCIENT HISTORY."

It was midnight or a little after when Jack Fenwick and his coupe got to Deltoid Hall.

He pulled up within a dozen yards of the grim old structure, sprang from his box and helped Madge to alight.

"That you, Fenwick?" spoke a voice from the darkness.

Fenwick knew that the voice was Darkhurst's without seeing him, as the captain was hid in the shadows of the old building.

"Yes, me, sure enough," replied Jack Fenwick, in no way particular about his grammar. "I'm late—the train was ditto and while waiting I took a snooze. Then driving in the dark I missed my way and mistook the road."

"You've said enough," cautioned Madge in a whisper. "Leave the rest to me."

"Very good, madam, I know I'm in good hands," replied Fenwick in the same lowered tones. "The Cap will believe you, though I'm not so sure that any explanation from me will carry any weight."

"Then say nothing," ordered Madge.

"I won't, madam."

"Humph," grumbled Darkhurst. "We've had a wholesome old time looking for you, Fenwick. Where's the lady?"

"She's here all right, sir," replied the driver cheerily.

At this moment Bertram and the Captain emerged from the darkness of the ramshackle building.

"You'd a tough experience, Madge, hadn't you?" said Darkhurst, taking the lady's hand with some show of affection.

"Oh, not at all," Madge answered lightly. "First the train came in about twenty-five minutes late and this honest fellow in driving me here lost his way in the darkness, which is easily accounted for seeing that he's been up two whole nights. In fact, I never was driven by a more civil or obliging person and I never met a man who more regretted the delay caused me."

"I'm greatly obliged to you, madam," said Fenwick in heartfelt tones which were probably sincere, "for the kind way in which you have spoken of me. And I'm sure I don't deserve as much at your hands," he truthfully added.

"I'll swear to that," from Darkhurst, with an uncanny laugh. "But come"—addressing the woman—"I've a friend here, Mr. Bertram."

Madge had caught a glimpse of Bertram's face in the light of the carriage lamps, nodded coldly to the man. Then calling Darkhurst to one side, she said curtly enough:

"Who is he?"

"Jedworth Bertram."

"I don't like his looks," said the woman bluntly.

"Why, my dear?"

"He's a bad face."

Captain Darkhurst came nigh bubbling over with suppressed mirth.

"A bad face, eh?" he repeated. "For that matter, Madge, we've all bad faces;" then he added as soon as he could control himself, "Of course always excepting you and me," he ended gallantly.

Bertram strolled down the road. He knew that his absence was better than his company just then, so he got out of earshot as quickly as he could. He had more than one object in view in doing this.

First, he caught the woman's piercing eyes glued upon him, and he knew at once that he had not favorably impressed her. Second, he wanted to show how delicately he could act, when the presence of a third person was not desirable.

We shall now see how far his purpose served him.

"He's a member of the 'Black Thirteen?'" interrogated Madge Wilkes, taking no notice of Darkhurst's compliment to herself.

"Yes, one of its most trusted members. But how is it that Bertram has impressed you so unfavorably?" the Captain curiously inquired.

"Because my woman's intuition warns me to look out for him," she replied tartly.

"Tush and nonsense, my dear Madge! Bertram's the most loyal man I have. I would tell him what I would tell no other member of the band—Madge!" said Darkhurst after a while.

"What?" snapped the woman.

"You don't appear to be in the most amiable mood tonight. Something has ruffled your temper. What is it?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! I'm sure something has. Fenwick's at the bottom of it all, I'll take my oath. That fellow's been up to some trick! What is it?"

The truth is the Captain had thought as much before, but had said nothing about his suspicions, resolving to bide his time and question Fenwick personally about the matter.

The reader will no doubt have observed that Darkhurst and Madge had more than an ordinary regard for each other—and that they were connected by stronger ties than mere friendship.

"Don't be a fool, Rariton," from Madge evasively. "What trick do you suppose such a lout as Fenwick could play on me? A good enough chap, but a half fool! Yes, he did lose his way; but what of that? The night is pitch dark and the poor man was nigh falling into the road for sleep. Though he took me miles and miles out of my way, he redeemed himself subsequently, and——"

"Come," Darkhurst interrupted, fully convinced that there was something behind it all, "we'll say no more about Fenwick. He's not worth wasting breath on. Let's go into the house."

"Stop a moment," said Madge. "What does Bertram know about the Kingsley matter?"

"Aha! That's how the wind blows! Nothing, or next to nothing so far. Does that satisfy you?" said he.

"Yes—if you'll keep him knowing nothing," returned Madge, "I'll be content. Another thing, Rariton, you can dispense with his services for one night."

"As you please, my dear," said the pliant Darkhurst. "Then he shan't be present at our interview."

"I have no wish that he should. I have too important a matter for your consideration to have a third party present. And take my word for it—this Bertram isn't to be trusted."

"Still harping on the same old string," laughed Darknurst gaily. "Well, well, I'll send Bertram away for the night."

"Quite unnecessary," grimly, from the woman. "Though, for my part," she added, with the same asperity, "you may send this Bertram to hades."

"No, my dear, not to so hot a place. I'll send him to bed." And he did.

Bertram dismissed for the night, Darkhurst and Madge adjourned to the apartment previously described.

It will not be amiss here to give a little of Darkhurst's and Madge's history. To do this we must also have something to say about Herbert Kingsley and his remarkable rise from penury to wealth.

Herbert Kingsley, five and twenty years or more before the opening of this story, was a struggling clerk in an office on Cedar street, Manhattan. He was alone in the

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world. Mother and father were both dead so long that he scarce remembered them. The office in which Kingsley was engaged was occupied by two attorneys, who each gave him eight dollars a week for his services, which chiefly consisted in the copying of wills, deeds, serving papers, etc.

So up to about his thirty-six year Herbert Kingsley was a lawyer's clerk, subsisting on the princely salary of sixteen dollars a week. Even that small amount was an important factor to the future multi-millionaire in those days, and out of it he managed to save some money, which he banked and which kept growing in interest and principal. At last Herbert Kingsley had his first thousand dollars saved. Then he began to have a hankering for Wall Street, and as a result, for investments. He knew some young men, formerly fellow clerks, who had already gone on Wall Street and made their mark.

This fired Kingsley's ambition. He took his thousand dollars out of the bank, and, on the advice of one of these young men, invested. The investment proved a lucky one. It increased the sum to three thousand dollars. Kingsley still remained at the law office, still worked for his sixteen dollars a week, and still drew up legal instruments with the same industry as before.

Herbert Kingsley was wise in his day and generation. He was not the one to throw out his dirty water (using a homely phrase) until he got in his clean. The three thousand was reinvested. Lucky again! It increased the amount to nine thousand dollars!

Now Kingsley began to debate whether he should throw up his paltry sixteen dollars a week and start in as a full-fledged Wall Street broker. No, he would tempt his good fortune once more, and if it still clung to him why then he would snap his fingers at his equivocal position as a lawyer's drudge, send in his notice and quit.

The nine thousand went in another investment. The same wonderful luck! It increased again to twenty-seven thousand dollars. It was then Herbert Kingsley began to lose his head. He saw other young men around him taking up establishments. Why not he? He had made the acquaintance of a shop girl some years before, whom at the time he sincerely meant to make his wife. But in those days he was only in receipt of his paltry salary. He made more now in a day than then in a whole year, and yet he thought it wouldn't be just the thing to marry even with his tewenty-seven thousand dollars.

But that needn't prevent Kingsley from keeping an establishment. Some other successful young men of his acquaintance were doing it; what was to prevent him from following in their steps?

Kingsley had never given up his shopgirl. She wasn't exactly pretty, but she was head and shoulders above her kind. That is mentally.

Now this girl had another admirer, a young New York real estate clerk, by name Rariton Darkhurst. She liked Darkhurst well enough, and no wonder, for he was far above the average in good looks and a good deal younger than Kingsley, besides he appeared to be so well disposed and kindly. But the trouble was he was so very poor, and he hadn't the Wall Street ambition to shine as a rising financier. Herbert Kingsley had, and as that young man was now passingly rich, she went to live with him, after first using all her wiles to firmly rivet the bonds of wedlock, and using them in vain. Several years went by. There was said to be offspring, but this is not certain, though rumor at the time had it that there was.

This was Kingsley's fatal mistake. Such a union was bound to be unhappy—and it was.

Meanwhile, everything Kingsley turned his hand to was successful. His investments netted him hundreds of thousands and the richer he grew the more tired he was getting of Madge Wilkes. Finally, after a terrible quarrel, she left him, and having some money went abroad.

Thither Madge was followed by Rariton Darkhurst, who, through it all, had never ceased to have affection for her.

At first Madge was inconsolable, then she grew revengeful. She remained abroad with Darkhurst for several years, and when they returned to America they returned with a purpose, and that purpose was a terrible and complete revenge on her former sweetheart, whom she hated now with a most deadly hatred.

Darkhurst, while living in another land, identified himself with desperate criminals. In London he was the leader of the most daring band of thieves the English metropolis was ever cursed with. Then Darkhurst carried his criminal instincts to New York, shipped on one of Kingsley's vessels, tried to scuttle her at sea, was caught red-handed, brought back, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing.

He never served the full term to which he had been sentenced, and on his release soon had a band of ruffians round him, the like of which was never known before. In it all Rariton had one fell purpose, the destruction of his former rival, Herbert Kingsley.

These two people—Madge and Rariton—were biding their time with a definiteness of purpose that was as terrible as it was unusual.

CHAPTER IX.

A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

No sooner had Bertram been dismissed for the night than Darkhurst led Madge Wilkes to the rear of Deltoid Hall, and thence up a stairway to the apartments previously alluded to.

"Will you take anything," said Darkhurst to the woman. "I can't offer you much, but there's some pretty fair whiskey and brandy here. A little cognac? It will refresh you after your journey."

"I'll help myself," returned Madge coolly. "Which is the brandy?"

Darkhurst pointed out the bottle, and having helped herself to a small drink of the spirit, the woman said:

"That letter of yours came nigh falling into wrong hands."

"How was that?" asked Darkhurst, in turn helping himself to the whiskey bottle.

"You see Kingsley came to my apartments in Central Park West, as usual. I was out at the time, and for the same reason the letter fell into his hands. It's very funny—decidedly funny," added Madge, laughing bitterly, "but the fool is jealous of me still; would you believe it? and inclined to open every letter I get. Of course he may all letters but yours, as they relate to business transactions mainly, Wall Street investments, etc. But when it comes to yours, I, for obvious reasons, object. Besides, I have led Kingsley into a fool's paradise as well as into a fool's peril."

"Do you think he suspects?" asked Darkhurst, with a sinister look that seemed to imbue his entire face with an unaccountable fury, strongly repressed though it was. "But what of this communication? Was it the one I last sent you?" he questioned, in some alarm.

"Yes."

"It would play the devil with our plans if he got hold of that," said Rariton, his brow clouding. "How do you know he didn't get and open it?"

"I am sure he didn't."

"You can't be sure in such a case—no one can, my dear," from the outlaw, with a strain of doubt still in his voice. "Don't you know a letter can be opened, read and resealed and no one the wiser? I'll show you how easily it is done. Just have patience a moment."

Darkhurst took several letters from a drawer.

"These have been unopened haven't they?" he said, showing the letters to Madge.

The woman took up the letters, and by the light of the lamp examined them.

"No, they've not been opened," Madge declared, handing the letters back.

Darkhurst smiled craftily.

"Oh, yes, they have, for I have opened them, my dear."

"And resealed them?"

"Yes, and resealed them. Would you like to know how it is done?"

Madge said she would.

"There are four letters there, aren't there?" he went on.

The woman nodded.

"If you were a man," Darkhurst continued with a leer, "I'd like to bet you the drinks that I could open these four letters in three minutes, glance over their contents, refold and return them to their envelopes and reseal them within the specified time and if you didn't see me do it, you'd never believe they'd been opened. Now watch and see the trick."

Again Madge nodded.

Darkhurst took a penknife from his pocket, and taking the letters spread them flat on the table. He then opened them one after the other, without the least difficulty, and with a rapidity that Madge could never have credited if she had not seen it done. Then, having recourse to mucilage and brush, he resealed and smoothed them out once more.

"Examine them now," said he. "Do they look as if they had been opened?"

"No," Madge answered, quite truthfully. "From whom did you get that trick?"

"A Brooklyn test medium," Darkhurst replied naively. "But the secret is not hers. It is universal—among a certain class of rogues and curious, unscrupulous women. Why should not my note to you have been opened in the same way?"

"Now I can answer you," tartly retorted Madge. "Kingsley took the letter from the carrier. He looked at the superscription, and was on the point of putting it into his pocket when my assistant, Miss Metzler, entered the reception room."

"Well, what did Miss Metzler do?"

"Nothing. But Kingsley threw the letter absentmindedly into a work basket, and the next moment left the room. When he was gone Miss Metzler possessed herself of the letter, and before he got back she was away too—locking the letter in a small desk in my room. And there it remained 'till she handed me the key."

"Mightn't she have opened it and read it herself?" prompted the suspicious Darkhurst.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I got back within half an hour of the time when the letter arrived, and however disposed she might be, she could not have done it."

"I am rather opposed to trusting people too much," said Darkhurst, ignoring the Bertram incident. "On principle," added he, "especially Abigails who are easily tempted. But now," he pursued, assuming a different tone, "how long are we to wait for the finale in this matter? The thing has been working now for several months, and it would seem we are little further advanced than when we started.

"Besides, without alarming you, let me tell you this," pursued Rariton, with much earnestness, "my time on this part of Long Island is on the wane; it won't last. They are suspecting that I am not what I seem. The authorities here are stupids, for whom I care little, but they are now acting in concert with a noted New York detective agency, so if a move is to be made it had better be made quickly."

"I understand," Madge interrupted. "The longer it hangs fire the greater the peril. Now, I'll tell you what I've done—something that will please even you, Rariton. In less than three days from date I shall have five hundred thousand dollars of Kingsley's money in my possession; bonds and securities as good as gold, and which can be turned into gold within twenty-four hours. That's a master stroke is it not?" And Madge's face flushed with excitement, while her terrible eyes glittered like a serpent's.

"Yes, dear, it is a master stroke if what you say is true," said Darkhurst, rubbing his hands as if pleased.

"It is true!" exclaimed Madge. "It is true!" she repeated, with emphasis.

"Are you going to take this amount and give up all thoughts of revenge?" said Darkhurst. "Does the possession of the money wipe out your debt against the man?"

It was clear that Captain Darkhurst was greatly disappointed. The woman could see it unmistakably in the fierce expression of his eyes.

"No," Madge retorted shrilly. "My years of suffering call for Kingsley's death. Nothing less will satisfy my deadly hate of the man."

"Do you really hate Kingsley so much?" said Darkhurst, taking her hand, pressing it feverishly and looking intently into her eyes. "Do you really hate him so, Madge?" he went on.

"Have not I cause?" the woman retorted bitterly. "A ruined life and all the hopes of girlhood blasted! Why do you ask that?"

And Madge flashed a look at Darkhurst with the ferocity of a tigress.

"Don't you know I hate him? Know it, know it, know it?" she kept repeating, her entire face transfigured by the intensity of her emotions. "Here! Fill me a brandy."

Darkhurst obeyed her without a word. He poured out a brimming glass of the spirits and almost held it to her lips.

Madge took it from his hand roughly, almost savagely and drank the contents.

"Do you feel any better, dear?" the Captain asked with a strange tenderness in his voice. "Good God!" he added a moment later; "you've a terrible temper, Madge! I thougt sure you were going to eat me. When does Kingsley pass out of our lives?"

Madge looked at Darkhurst for a moment with her terrible eyes.

"Three nights from now," she answered, in a merciless voice, "Kingsley will have paid the penalty!"

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The lady turned to a friend with a look of admiration in her eyes.

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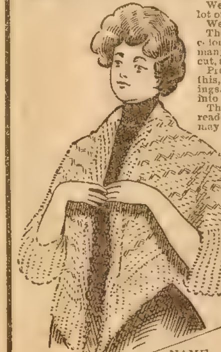

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Or, THE PERILS OF THE PLAINS

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CHAPTER I.

ALONE IN THE DESERT.

The blazing light of a July sun lay over the desolate stretch of plains; over the long, sinuous trail that lay like a crinkled lariat across the sands as far as the eye could reach, with nothing of life in sight save a solitary black-winged vulture that circled and turned on its motionless pinions, a black speck against the white, glittering sky

Presently, there emerged from a ravine—one of those numerous basins that indent the broad stretch of plains—the slow-moving figure of a youth of some sixteen years.

There was a look of utter dejection on his face, and as he approached the little rise that stood slightly above the surrounding plain, he paused and gazed long and searchingly to the west, letting his eyes travel along the course of the trail to where it vanished against the horizon.

Then he turned his gaze to the east, but as far as the eye could reach there was no sign of life. Houseless, lifeless, the desert, palpitating with intense heat, lay as silent as the grave.

Slowly, with a look of disappointment on his face, Frank Tipton—for such was the youth's name—turned and descended the slope. A hundred yards walk brought him to a spot where a campfire had been kindled. Near it stood a wagon with its white sheet gleaming in the fierce rays of the sun.

Stretched upon a blanket in the shadow of the wagon, lay the form of a man of some fifty years. His face was haggard and showed signs of keen suffering. A single glance into the lusterless eyes and sunken cheeks was sufficient to reveal the fact that his hours of life were fast drawing to a close.

The youth knelt by the side of the sufferer, and bathed the face and hands from a canteen of water.

The man moved and turned his eyes on the youth.

"I can't last much longer, Frank," he said, weakly.

"I hope you will soon be better," replied Frank. "You may have many years of life before you."

"I wish, for your sake, that it was so," replied the sufferer, "but the end must soon come. You have been a good boy, Frank."

A lump rose in Frank's throat, and he said nothing.

"It grieves me to leave you here alone, so far from any human being or habitation." breathed the dying man, "but I pray that the protecting hand of Providence will be over you."

"I hope you will not distress yourself on my account," said Frank, deeply moved "You have already done much for me, and I shall never forget that, during the years I have been with you, you have been a father to me."

Caleb Wilson gazed fondly at the boy, and for a time he did not speak.

"There is no sign of a train in sight?" he asked at last.

"There's not a living thing to be seen," replied Frank.

"I hoped that some one might come, that you might not be alone with me here when I pass away, but you are a brave boy, Frank. You will not shrink from me at the last hour and be filled with fear to be here alone with the dead?"

Frank's eyes suddenly filled with tears. He put his arms about the dying man and laid his face close to that of the sufferer.

"You know I could never do that," said Frank, chokingly. "I shall stand by you in death as you have stood by me in life."

The face of the dying man lighted, and a fond look came into the eyes.

"You are a brave and good boy, Frank," he said. "When your father died and left you in my care, then a little child of eight, I promised to care for you and to do for you as I would for a son of my own, had I one. Have I kept my promise?"

"Yes, I cannot see how you could have done more for me."

"I have told you that your father left you nothing, and that at his death he was penniless. But it had not always been so. Your father was once a rich man, doing business in St. Louis as a real estate broker. Your father had a partner in his business, Dennis Black. Black, as it proved, was a shrewd, unprincipled rascal, and it was he who brought your father to ruin. Your father and Black had made a heavy deal in real estate in which they cleared many thousand dollars. The money was paid to Black, who, instead of depositing it to the credit of the firm, fled with it from the city. By this act of his dishonest partner, your father lost fifty thousand dollars, and it ruined him.

"No trace of Dennis Black could be discovered, though it was believed that he had gone West. Your father never saw nor heard of him again, and to this day the whereabouts of his faithless partner has never been discovered. Soon after this your mother died, and, broken in health, your father retired to a little farm which was all he had left. but even this was mortgaged. He brought you with him—you were then a lad of four years—and lived a lonely and secluded life in Western Missouri. As it happened I was his nearest neighbor, and as I had known your father in his younger days, it was a mutual pleasure that we found ourselves near each other again.

"I was living all alone, cultivating a little patch of poor ground, for it was in the midst of the sterile hill country that I lived, and I was glad, indeed, when your father came to occupy the little cabin across the hollow.

"We spent much of our time together, helping each other in our work, and when he died he left you in my charge. It was your father's wish that, when you became of sufficient age to go out into the world, that you search for his absconding partner. Since your father's death I have learned that Dennis Black had been seen in the mines of California some ten years ago, but all my efforts to get further trace of him failed.

"Growing tired of the sterile hills where I had toiled so long, I sold my little farm and resolved to take you with me and go to the gold fields to seek my fortune and give you a chance to see the world and make your own fortune, for I realized that to remain where we were would be but to chain you to the hard wheel of toil and poverty that had ground me down for years.

"Then I had a faint hope that in our travels, we might get trace of Dennis Black and compel him to restore to you that which he had taken from your father. But now you must face the world alone. The doctors warned me long ago that this old wound I received in the Mexican War might, at any time, cause my death, but I had grown to think lightly of it, else I should never have started on this journey. I leave everything to you, which is not much. The team and wagon you will need to carry you to the end of your journey. In my trunk, in the wagon, you will find two hundred dollars in gold. That will be enough to keep you till you find work."

The sufferer closed his eyes and for a long time he remained silent.

Frank sat watching the pallid face, filled with strange emotions. It was a sorrowful and trying time. Alone in the desert waste with the dying man was a situation that might have moved with dread even a braver heart than that of Frank Tipton.

A dreadful silence lay over the plain, and high in the brassy sky the sun glowed with white heat.

It was with a keen pang of sorrow at his heart that Frank saw the life slowly ebbing from the still form of his benefactor. A feeling of utter loneliness and desolation came over him as he contemplated what was soon to come.

Slowly the sun descended the sky, and gradually the gray twilight began settling over the plain.

For an hour Caleb Wilson had remained unconscious, and just as the big moon came from behind a distant rise in the plain, he breathed his last.

Frank Tipton was alone with the dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE FOOTPRINTS.

All through the long silent night Frank kept his lonely vigil by the dead.

As the moon rose higher and higher, its full beams lay in shining pools on the gleaming sands like the ghost of the vanished sea that once, in the ages past, rolled its shining waters over the now desert waste.

From afar came the bark of some prowling coyote, but this was all the sound that broke the silence of the night.

At the first streaks of dawn Frank took a pick and shovel from the wagon, and marking off a spot a little way from the trail, began digging a grave.

The sand was loose and the work was soon accomplished. Then the youth wrapped the form of the dead man in a blanket, and with heroic efforts, bore his burden to the open grave.

There he paused for a time, and standing with uncovered head, murmured a brief prayer. Then by means of ropes brought from the wagon, he lowered the remains into the narrow grave, and with a heavy heart, covered with earth forever the face of the dead.

When the work was done he tore a board from a box in the wagon, and fixing it in the ground at the head of the grave, took his knife and cut thereon:

"CALEB WILSON,
Died, July 12, 186—,
Aged 56 years.
A father to one who was fatherless."

Returning to the wagon, Frank seated himself in its shadow and tried to think coherently.

He was anxious to push on, but he realized the danger of doing so alone, for the old Santa Fe trail was beset with many bands of prowling Comanches whose deeds of bloodshed and plunder had made them a terror to the overlander.

At Council Grove Frank and his companion had fallen in with a train bound for Santa Fe, and had traveled with it till Caleb Wilson was seized with the mortal illness that compelled them to stop.

Now Frank must wait for another train, and how long that wait might be he could not guess.

It was now past the season when the freight trains for Santa Fe were moving on the trail, for they usually left Independence early in May so as to be on their return while there yet remained an abundance of grass for the cattle.

Only now and then a train would start westward in the latter part of the summer, and then only such as expected to remain over winter in the West.

Frank weighed the matter carefully in his mind, and he decided that he would remain where he was for a few days at least, and wait for a passing train; then if none came, he would return to Council Grove and wait till the following spring.

That seemed the only course to pursue. He felt weak and listless, for he had eaten nothing since noon the day before, and he was appalled by the thought that he himself might become ill. But it was only the loss of sleep and the worry of the past few days that was telling on his strength, and after he had eaten some of the frugal fare taken from the grub-box, and drank a cup of strong coffee, he felt his strength return.

A mile to the south a few stunted cottonwoods marked the course of a small stream, and hitching up the team to the wagon, Frank drove to the place, deciding to camp there while he remained in waiting for a train.

He had more than one object in seeking the seclusion of the little valley through which the creek made its course. There he might be concealed from the view of any passing band of Indians, and at the same time the little grove of trees would afford shelter from the burning rays of the sun.

Driving the team into a plum thicket that flourished in a dense clump under the cottonwoods, he unhitched the team and picketed it where the grass grew tender and in profusion.

The plum bushes, he discovered to be filled with ripe fruit, and this would be a welcome addition to his meager bill of fare. The stream, like others of the plains, proved to be but a succession of small pools, but there was an abundance of water for himself and team, and he was thankful for this.

Near the spot where Frank had made his camp was a little rise, and from the top of it a view of the Santa Fe trail could be had for many miles to the east and to the west.

Every hour or so Frank would walk up to the slope of the little hill and scan the trail eagerly for the white sheets of a train, just as a shipwrecked sailor might watch for a passing sail.

As the day wore on the loneliness of his situation began to wear on him. Never in all his life had he experienced the feeling that comes to those who are utterly alone. The desolate stretch of plains, the awful solitude oppressed him to the verge of despair.

And what was worse, he was compelled to remain inactive. If he only had some occupation—something to do that would keep his mind from dwelling on his present situation he felt that it would not be so hard to endure.

He was determined to do something, and taking a bucket from the wagon he went into the plum thicket and fell to picking the ripe, lucious fruit.

Then, when the bucket was almost filled, he carried it to camp, kindled a fire and placed a quart or two of the plums in a camp-kettle to cook.

During the years he had lived with Caleb

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Wilson he had learned to do housework, and was by no means a bad cook. And the knowledge he had thus gained stood him in good stead.

When the plums began to burst open he poured a cup of sugar into the kettle, and when they had boiled for a few minutes he set the vessel in the shade that the fruit might cool.

"That has given me a little employment," he mused, "and the plums won't be a bad addition to bacon and bread and coffee."

He walked aimlessly about the little valley. To his surprise he saw a path leading down the stream. He stood looking at it in perplexity and amazement. Could the path have been worn by human feet? As far as he could judge, it was not such a path as would have been made by wild animals coming to water. Besides, as he bent and examined it closer, he perceived that it contained no marks of the hoofs of the antelope or buffalo.

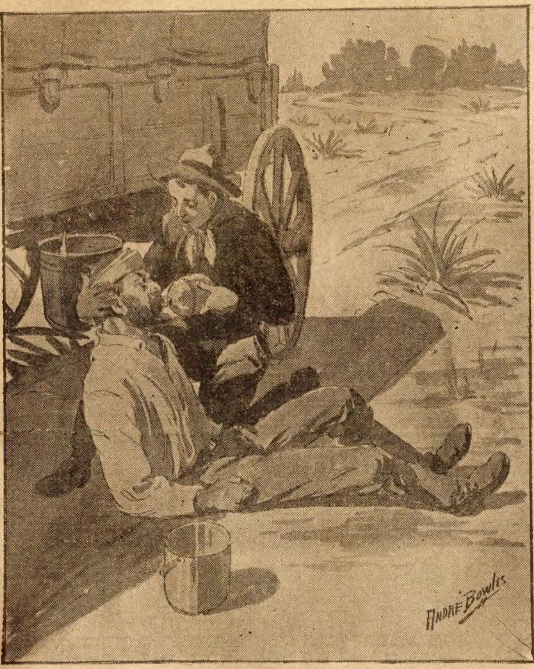
His first thought was that the path might have been made by Indians, and this filled him with a sudden alarm. It seemed plausible that passing bands of Comanches might have used the place for a camping ground when on their fall hunt for buffaloes, but so far he had seen no signs of a campfire.

Still mystified, he followed the path onward, determined to see where it led.

He had followed it but a few yards when he came to a sudden halt, and kneeling down, examined the ground with eager interest.

In the path was clearly outlined the print of a moccasined foot! Frank sat staring at it with a sudden feeling of apprehension.

That the footprint had been made by an Indian, he had little doubt; and even now some of the band might be lurking near.



"I can't last much longer, Frank."

He glanced apprehensively about him, but all was quiet and silent as the grave. He let his gaze wander over the dense thickets of plum bushes, and he realized that in their shadows might lurk a band of blood-thirsty Comanches.

For a moment he was assailed by a panic of fear, and his first thought was to get out of the place with all haste, but he was held inactive by a sort of subtile fascination.

He could hear his own heart beating with tumultuous thumps, and a sickening sense of dread came over him—a feeling as if the eye of some deadly foe was upon him—watching, waiting, ready to spring at the first movement he should make.

CHAPTER III.

EYES IN THE THICKET.

Frank Tipton was not a coward, yet at this moment he felt as completely unnerved and frightened as he had possessed no courage. After all it was the brooding silence, the uncertainty of what might come at any moment, that unnerved him. It is doubtful if the sudden appearance of a band of Comanches would have filled him with greater fear than that which beset him at that moment.

As the thoughts passed without bringing any sign of a hostile foe, he grew more composed, and gradually his natural courage asserted itself.

He rose from his kneeling position and made his way back to the wagon, where he quickly drew forth a heavy rifle. Armed with this, he retraced his steps, now fully resolved to follow the path to its end.

Now that he had recovered from the sudden panic of fear that came over him at sight of the moccasined track, and feeling an additional sense of security in the possession of the rifle he carried, he felt that he was ready to give fight to any foe that might show itself.

Pushing his way through the tangled bushes, he followed the path in its windings along the dry bed of the stream, keeping alert that he should not be taken unawares.

He had traveled the path but a short distance when it came to an abrupt end at the foot of a large cottonwood tree. From under the roots of the tree a small spring of clear, cold water flowed, to be lost in the sand a few rods below.

It was evident to Frank that the path had been made by some one in going and coming to and from the spring, but this did not explain matters. Where did the path lead to from the spring? There was no sign of any human habitation to be seen, nor had the place been used as a camping ground.

Kneeling at the spring, Frank drank deeply, and then retraced his steps along the path. He was now resolved to find out where it led to, but after following it for less than a hundred yards, he discovered that it grew more and more indistinct and finally was lost on a stretch of bare sand.

Much mystified, he returned to camp. He could not understand the presence of the mark of the moccasined foot in the path unless he was correct in his theory that the Indians used the place for a camping ground. However, there seemed to be no Indians in the valley, and it was with a feeling of relief that he reflected that the footprint he had seen might have been made many days before.

This was very plausible since it had not rained for more than a fortnight, as far as he could judge, and in dry weather they might remain unobliterated for months.

As the sun neared the horizon he kindled a small fire and cooked his supper. He was in the act of taking the coffee from the fire when he was startled by hearing approaching footsteps.

Assailed with sudden fear he leaped for the rifle which he had placed near at hand, without turning to glance at the intruder.

As he grasped the gun, he turned quickly, fully expecting to be confronted by a Comanche warrior, but instead of a hostile Comanche, he beheld a youth of near his own age. He was dressed in the garb of a hunter, and carried a repeating rifle slung across his shoulder.

An amused smile flickered across the face of the strange youth as he noted Frank's action.

"Bless my soul, I don't look like a savage, an outlaw or anything of that sort, do I?" he asked, grounding his rifle and making a gesture that indicated surrender.

The sudden look of fear that had come over Frank's face at the sound of the other's approach quickly vanished.

"I'll have to own that you gave me quite a fright before I had a chance to see who you were," confessed Frank, advancing and extending his hand to the newcomer. "When I glanced at you I fully expected to see a Comanche warrior. Let me atone by making you welcome."

The hands of the two met in a warm clasp, and there was something in that clasp—in the magnetism of the touch of hands that told them that they should be friends.

"I surrender, unconditionally," said the strange youth, "only stipulating that you shall feed me. I have eaten nothing since daylight this morning, and the smell of that coffee and bacon transforms my interior machinery into a pepsin factory."

"I gladly agree to your terms," smiled Frank, "and I want to say that never in my life was I so glad to see a white person's face as I was to see yours."

"And I can truthfully say that I was equally glad to see yours," declared the other. "My name is Ralph Rushton, recently from St. Louis, but at present lost from my companions, and much in need of a commissary and a guardian."

"Then I shall try to supply you with the first," laughed Frank, "and you'll have to rustle for the last. I am Frank Tipton, on my way to the Western gold fields, but owing to a sad misfortune am stranded here to wait for a passing train."

Ralph came forward and grasped his companion's hand again.

"Whatever your misfortune is, I want to assure you that you have my deepest sympathy," he said, "and if I can help you in any way, why, nothing would please me better than to have you tell me how it can be done."

"I know you will," said Frank, with a warm grip of the hand, "and I feel that we shall be friends. I have much to say to you, but in the meantime, let us have supper. I guess we can talk and eat at the same time."

"I am sure I can. I think I could manage to get outside of a good supply of grub while standing on my head, if it were necessary to do so."

Frank brought the tin plates and cups from the grub-box and soon had the meal spread on a strip of canvas in the shade of a sycamore.

"Talk about your costly spreads," remarked Ralph as he sipped his coffee with great relish, "I want to tell you that nothing more delightful ever assailed my nostrils than the smell of your coffee and bacon as I came over the hill a few moments ago. I could have fairly shouted for joy. I knew on the instant that the smell came from the haunts of civilized man, and I didn't lose any time in getting here."

As they ate, Frank gave a brief account of the incidents that had occurred since he and his companion had started on their trip Westward. He told of leaving Council Grove with the train, of the sudden illness of Caleb Wilson, of the stop and of the subsequent death of the old man in the lonely desert, and of the burial without any helping hand.

Ralph was deeply moved by the recital.

"Yours is indeed a sad story," he said. "It must have been fearfully trying on you."

"I hope I shall never have to pass through another experience of that kind."

"I hope so, too. That man was your adopted father."

"Yes, and all the one I had in the world to care for me."

"And you intend to go on to the gold fields?"

"That is my intention, if I can fall in with a train."

"Will you wait here till a train passes?"

"I shall wait a while. How long, I have not decided. If no train comes I may return to Council Grove and wait till spring."

"What do you intend to do when you reach the gold fields?"

"I shall get work of some kind, for I must do something to make my living."

"Shall you prospect for gold?"

"I hope to."

"Do you know, I have always had an idea that I should like that sort of life?"

"Then why not go with me to the gold fields?"

"I am not sure that my father would consent; but I shall talk the matter over with him."

"He is with your party hunting, then?"

"Yes; but now that I am separated from the party, I am afraid I shall have great difficulty in finding them. There are a dozen of us, out for a buffalo hunt, and it was against my father's wishes that I was permitted to come. Now I suppose, he will insist on my remaining under the parental roof till I am old enough to avoid getting lost."

"How did it happen?"

"We jumped a herd of buffaloes, and I set out after an old bull, determined to bag him. He turned away from the rest and after I had followed him several miles and wounded him, he turned on me, sent my horse and me rolling in the dust, and went on his way. The shock put me out of business for a while, and when my senses returned I was alone, afoot and horse and buffalo had disappeared.

"I had lost all knowledge of direction, and I knew not which way to turn. As I gazed about the plain, every part of it looked alike to me, and when I at last set out I was so bewildered that I hardly knew what I did. I tried to follow my horse's trail, but I soon lost it on a stretch of sandy plain which had been cut up by the hoofs of thousands of buffaloes.

"So I just kept on, hoping that I should come in sight of some of my companions, till I finally arrived here. How far I traveled I do not know, but it must have been a good many miles, for I have been on the tramp for seven or eight hours. But I'm going to stay with you till I get trace of my party, if you will let me, for I have had all the experience I want in looking for them."

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1730 55 STATE ST., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Frank, "if you think best, we can take my horses early in the morning and go on a little expedition in search of your father and party. They are probably not many miles from here and we ought to get sight of them if we keep our eyes peeled."

"A capital idea!" cried Ralph. "It is awfully good of you to help me out, and if we find the Governor he'll no doubt let me go with you to the gold mines, when I explain to him how you have snatched me as a burning brand from the fire of the desert, as it were, and fed me and gave me drink. Hello! What is this?" he added, as Frank uncovered the vessel containing the stewed plums. "Not plums?"

"I gathered them over in the thicket yonder," explained Frank, as he filled a dish for his guest.

"I say, these are fit for the gods!" cried Ralph. "That flavor is enough to make a dyspeptic turn glutton. I think I shall stay with you always. Where did you learn to cook?"

"I guess I sort of growed into it," replied Frank. "Necessity is liable to teach a fellow many things if he is poor and lives long enough."

Frank was in the act of refilling Ralph's cup with coffee, when he stopped suddenly and peered eagerly toward the plum thicket.

"What do you see?" asked Ralph.

"I am not sure," replied Frank. "I thought I saw something moving a moment ago."

"It might have been a wolf."

"I don't think it was," responded Frank in a low tone.

He kept his eyes bent in the direction of the thicket. As he did so, a sudden look of alarm swept over his face.

He put out his hand and laid it on his rifle.

"Ralph," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "don't turn your head or make any sign. I see a pair of eyes watching us from that thicket, and behind them is a human face!"

This capital story of boyhood luck and adventure will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. It will be to your pleasure and profit to follow its characters to the dramatic and remarkable close. Would you like our fine stereoscopes without cost, or six of our fine winter patterns entirely free, or one of our splendid knit woolen shawls? Then subscribe for the Ledger and they will be sent to you. Read our premium advertisements in this issue.

A FAMOUS BRIGAND.

BY WARREN WALTERS.

Not counting great generals, Louis Dominique Cartouche was the greatest brigand that ever lived. I say, not counting great generals, for war is mostly robbery on a grand scale. Louis Dominique Cartouche was born in Paris, October, 1693. His father was a cooper, and from him Dominique learned that trade, but he acquired a knowledge of the business of his after-life from a gang of gypsies.

After leaving the gypsy camp he frequented the streets of Paris. He added the shrewd wit of a gamin of the Queen City of the World to naturally nimble fingers and the skill of an acrobat.

We hear of him melted into tears by the eloquence of a sermon delivered by the good Abbe of St. Joseph's, but his tears did not prevent him from emptying the pockets of those around him. With his eyelids still glistening with the pearly drops Cartouche left the building, and a certain Gaguis demand:

"Your money or your life!"

Cartouche had no idea of parting with either of these valuables, and speedily drew himself up after the most approved methods of a skilful master of the fistic art.

"Gently, my young rooster! I see you have teeth and nails. That pleases me. Come, we will be partners."

The coalition was there arranged, and straightway the two friends went to another church, where the eloquence was not so fine, and Cartouche filched more cash than before. The brace of rascals, with their pockets well lined with coin, went to a wine-shop and made a night of it.

This partnership continued until Gaguis was so maladroit as to fall into the hands of the police. Cartouche was at this time about eighteen, had a pleasing, open countenance, which delighted everybody, especially the fair sex. His figure and his manners were elegant, and he was in every way fitted to play Prince Charming, while his agility and ready wit were marvelous.

Cartouche did not confine himself to one branch of thieving, but began to frequent gambling houses, where he won large sums. So dexterous was he in handling cards that none were able to detect him, although they well knew his universal good luck was produced by sleight of hand. He was therefore expelled from the card-rooms on general principles.

Cartouche was enrolled as a soldier under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and made himself most popular with his comrades. When peace was declared he once more found himself in Paris, and thenceforward his life reads like a romance. It seemed as if war completed his education, for his wicked career rendered his name famous as the paladin of thieves.

He organized his old comrades into a band of robbers, and everything was arranged in military order. Under his command (for Cartouche was supreme) there were companies, lieutenants, sergeants, surgeons, sentinels, and spies. Regular passwords were issued and changed each day. The most famous of his spies was a certain well-known abbe, and there were clerks, merchants, members of the police force itself, among this division of his army, for the band soon grew into proportions large enough to deserve the name.

The division of Cartouche's army whose duties were to act as receivers of the stolen property included hotel-keepers, jewelers, merchants, and many other persons considered reputable people. Another division was charged with the duty of lodging and sheltering the bandits; there were regular doctors and surgeons, nor were they without religious services, certain priests being enrolled to look after the concerns of their souls. There were some who repaired the arms, and looked after the necessary alterations of clothing. In verv truth, the army was as regularly disciplined as any regular military force.

The general of police, the procurer du roi, the bailiffs and constables, were aroused to exterminate the band, instigated by the honest folk and hundreds of victims, for it had now assumed vast proportions; but they could do nothing; Cartouche's band was better organized, and better officered, than the servants of justice. The police were badly paid, and but poorly governed. What was worse, Cartouche had his own rascals among the police.

Cartouche's men grew so bold that they would rob a man within one hundred steps of the Parisian police and detectives, and if the victim raised an outcry, the guardian of the city's peace retreated. Such conduct emboldened the thieves, and recruits began to come from the provinces.

Occasionally an honest member of the municipal force acted courageously, or a spy managed to find his way among the robbers; but he was either brutally murdered, or imprisoned for life. The band was so well governed, and so large, that it was impossible to circumvent them by any ordinary methods.

During the latter part of 1719 and the greater part of 1720 Paris was virtually under the dominion of Cartouche. The terror he inspired was universal; and at night Cartouche was more really in command of Paris than the minister of war, Monsieur Le Blanc himself. A writer of the time says: "In Paris they no longer passed the compliments of the day, but when friends met, their only greeting was, 'Is Cartouche taken?'"

Five or six of the band would meet under the window of a wealthy citizen, and one of the gang placing his broad shoulders against the wall, another would climb above him, and so on, until a living pyramid enabled them to reach the window. Ascending this living ladder, one of the slighter rascals entered the apartment and began to pass down the valuables. Where iron bars protected the opening, a hook was attached to a long pole, and by this instrument they possessed themselves of many articles of value. It was so they robbed the residence of Marshal d-Ancre, the Spanish ambassador, and carried away a pearl necklace, a buckle ornamented with twenty-seven large diamonds, an elegant silver set, and other costly goods.

Law's magnificent Mississippi bubble was then soaring in air, and his royal bank was situated in the Rue Quincamprix. This street was generally crowded with investors, and Cartouche harvested large gains among them. One lord alone lost 12,000,000 livres in an hour.

Cartouche, sometimes disguised in rags, sometimes in the dress of an abbe, or dressed as a prince, mingled with the stock jobbers, or jostled royalty itself, and wherever he appeared jewels and large amounts of coin were missing.

Cartouche was arrested during the winter of 1720, but was guarded so poorly that he escaped. After that, robberies were more frequent than ever. Renewed efforts were made to capture the robber chief, and he was several times wounded, and once left for dead. His reappearance after his supposed death gave him new fame.

Meanwhile the Government was doing its best to suppress the terror; but not until a large reward and free pardon were offered to the traitor was there any sign of success. Nor was it until a score or more of the informers were killed by Cartouche that the notorious brigand was captured. On the 13th of October, 1721, he was taken, and on the 20th of November he was sentenced to be broken alive, then bound to the wheel, his face toward Heaven, there to remain until he died. On the following day he expiated his numerous crimes.

All Paris was overjoyed with the news, and the sensation throughout the city was profound. It was celebrated in prose and in verse. So intoxicated were the Parisians over the event that they built bonfires and held a holiday.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading ear specialists in this country. Dr. Branaman offers to all applying at once two full months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure permanently Deafness, Head Noises, and Catarrh in every stage. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1283 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

In the Wrong Flock.

The temperance society was to meet that afternoon. Mrs. Philpots dressed in a hurry and came panting downstairs. She was a stout, plump woman.

"Addie, run up to my room and get my blue ribbon rosette, the temperance badge," she directed her maid. "I have forgotten it. You will know it, Addie—blue ribbon and gold lettering."

"Yas'm I knows it right well." Addie could not read, but she knew a blue ribbon with gold lettering when she saw it, and therefore had no trouble in finding it and fastening it properly on the dress of her mistress.

Mrs. Philpots was too busy greeting her friends or giving close attention to the speakers at the meeting to note that they smiled when they shook hands with her.

When she reached home supper was served, so she went directly to the dining-room, where the other members of the family were seated.

"Gracious me, mother!" exclaimed her son. "That blue ribbon—have you been wearing that at the temperance meeting?"

A loud laugh went up on all sides.

"Why, what is it, Harry?" asked the good woman, clutching at the ribbon in surprise.

"Why, mother dear, didn't you know that was the ribbon I wore at the show?"

The gold lettering on the ribbon read: "Atlanta Poultry Show. First Prize, Bantam."

Born That Way.

"Uncle Amos, how did your boss acquire his title of colonel?"

"Dat goes with the plantation, sah. All his antcesters wuz cunnels befo' him, suh."

Promptly Furnishing an Example.

Miss Hope— What fools some young men make of themselves when they are in love!

Mr. Spoonamore—They do, indeed. Dora, will you marry me?

ARE YOU A REAL MAN

If not, you need our **"Scientific" Apparatus** to restore you to **vigor, power** and **manly proportion.** Without the use of drugs, electricity or other means, this wonderful mechanical device increases the blood supply where most needed, thus building up and strengthening defective parts. Send for a **free** copy of "The Greatest Triumph of Modern Science." Address SANITARY APPARATUS CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada.

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Fill Out the Blank Below, then cut it out and mail it and we will send your outfit and your first bundle of papers with full instructions. Send it NOW—before some other boy gets the job.

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Town .... State ....

Cut—5.

THE VIGIL OF VALENTINE.

BY J. ANTHONY M'DONALD.

A scantily furnished apartment, dimly lit by a small oil-lamp, set on a table in the center of the room; the window destitute of curtains, the floor uncarpeted, the walls discolored with smoke and damp. On a chair at the fire sat a young man, with arms folded, his eyes moodily fixed on the glowing coal in the grate, his face pale and pinched, his clothes threadbare, his appearance quite in harmony with his surroundings.

Presently, a thin, weak voice sounded from the bed in the corner, and at once he started from his reverie, and, stepping lightly across the room, leaned over the bed.

It was a very sweet young face that lay on the pillow, although sickness had dimmed the brightness of the clear, gray eyes, and fever flushed the dimpled cheeks with an unnatural glow.

"Well, dear?" queried the young man softly, as he went down on one knee, and laid his hand tenderly on the girl's hot brow.

The gray eyes met his own, wistfully, and a pathetic little smile hovered for a moment on the dry, parched lips.

"Poor Val!" murmured the girl dreamily. "I wonder what you will do when I go—I wonder!"—and the eyes closed wearily, while a troubled look came over the flushed face.

Valentine bowed his head, with a choked sob, and prayed silently that his girl-wife might be left to him. As he prayed the troubled look faded away, and in a short time the sufferer lapsed into a quiet doze. He moved away from the bed softly, and went back to his seat at the fire to resume his former attitude, with a weary sigh.

The fire flickered fitfully at intervals, throwing occasional shafts of light athwart the pale, pinched face of the watcher.

Slowly the night sped, every hour seeming an age. A deep-toned church-clock struck the hour of midnight somewhere in the distance, and before the echoes of its last stroke had ceased to sound another clock chimed in, then another and another—and then deep silence once more. After a while the maudlin tones of some drunken reveler broke the silence in the street below, dying away in the distance as the noisy disturber reeled along on his homeward way.

Valentine got up then, and moved about noiselessly, putting a little more coal on the fire, and preparing a cooling draft. Then he went across to the bed, and took a long, yearning look at his precious charge. She still slumbered quietly, one hand lying outside the coverlet. Very gently Valentine drew his chair to the side of the bed, and sat there, softly clasping his wife's hand, his gaze fixed on her face, his thoughts going back to the day—not twelve months ago—when, in a quiet little city church, they had joined hands—for better, for worse. Then their hearts beat joyously with love and hope; love now was just as strong and steadfast, despite misfortune, but hope, alas, had died away, and despair had come to take its place! It was a sad little story.

Valentine Brereton was the son of a retired wealthy merchant, whose chief desire was to see him suitably mated. All his energies were devoted to the bringing about of a satisfactory marriage. Valentine, however, did not see with his father's eyes, being very much in love with Norah Desmond, the pretty governess who undertook the arduous task of teaching the younger Breretons the rudiments of the English language.

She was only a girl—but barely twenty—with a witching face, and sweet, clear voice, a dainty figure, and a heart as true as truth itself. With so many opportunities of being in each other's company, it was only to be expected that the young people would fall in love with each other. Norah was an orphan, and penniless—a terrible blemish in the eyes of Mr. Brereton, who was very angry when Valentine asked him for his consent to their engagement.

The end of it all was that the young people married, despite parental opposition, and Mr. Brereton closed his doors against them. With hopeful hearts they entered into the battle of life. Valentine secured a clerkship in a shipping office, and things went on all right for a few short months. Then the firm collapsed, owing to the failure of another firm with which they were connected; the clerks were turned adrift, and Valentine vainly tried to secure another situation. Day after day he went a weary round of application, only to return disappointed. Bit by bit, the furniture went; successively, the young couple moved to cheaper houses, until at last they had to live in what was practically a garret in a house on the outskirts of the city. Then the young wife contracted fever and was dangerously ill. Valentine spent the last few dollars he had in seeking to alleviate her sufferings. The doctor he had called in looked upon her case as serious, and, in answer to the young man's eager questions, told him gently, but firmly, that he could hold out no hopes of her recovery.

If she had the proper nourishment she might pull through, he said finally, as he went away; and Valentine, after a hard struggle with his pride, wrote to his father, asking for help, and begging him not to turn a deaf ear to the appeal.

He said nothing to Norah about it, but, getting one of the neighbors to attend to her during his absence, slipped out and dropped the missive into the nearest mailbox.

A week went by without any response, and then he gave up all hope. Slowly but surely the bright eyes lost their luster and the sweet voice grew weaker day by day. Morning after morning and night after night Valentine watched for the coming of the postman with that letter which should bring relief. The doctor looked graver, and shook his head more ominously. One o'clock struck—two o'clock—three—and Valentine sat at the bedside, watching and waiting.

A heavy tread sounded in the quiet street at irregular intervals as the policeman slowly went his rounds. Four chimed out in the distance, when Norah slowly opened her eyes and gazed up at the haggard face bending over her. Only for a moment were they unclosed, and then closed again as she went off into a light slumber.

Five o'clock struck—six o'clock—and the carts began to pass by, on their way to market. The morning light came in through the window, and brightened up the room as Valentine put out the lamp and replenished the fire. Then he went and took up his old position beside the bed. The hours passed; a steady hum arose from the street below, voices sounded in the distance.

Norah moved restlessly. Val bent over her eagerly. How pinched and hollow the face looked in the light of morning!

"Val!"

"Yes, dearest?"

"Kiss me, Val."

Val hesitated; there was a curious, choking in his throat.

The gray eyes opened wide in surprise. He knelt down and took her very gently in his arms. She nestled against his shoulder with a wistful little sigh, and her eyes closed wearily. He pressed his lips to hers.

A short quick knock at the door.

Very tenderly, he laid down his precious burden, and went to the door, her eyes following him. He opened it. A tall, gray-bearded gentleman stood on the landing.

"Father!"

"Valentine!"

Their hands clasped in a hearty grip, and without another word the young man drew in his unexpected visitor, and quietly closed the door.

The two men stepped across to the bed. Norah's eyes were closed, a gentle smile on her lips.

Valentine knelt down by the bed and realized the dread truth.

With an agonizing cry, he sprang to his feet and staggered back, as through his clenched teeth came the one word—"Dead!"

Fed Trout to Bear.

A most novel way to tame a bear has just been discovered at Franklin camp, B. C. Peter Santure, a hotel keeper at Franklin City, has been in the habit of going fishing every day on the north fork of Kettle river, which stream, at that particular point, is only fifty feet wide. A couple of days ago Santure was quietly fishing when, all at once, there appeared directly opposite him an immense black bear, about to enter the stream, heading directly for the fisherman.

Not having a weapon of any kind Santure realized his danger, as he was over a mile from help. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He took a fine speckled trout which he had just caught and flung it across the narrow stream to the bear, which at once abandoned its attempt to cross and began to devour the fish.

Before the bear finished eating the fish Santure caught a second trout, which he also flung across to bruin. Owing to the excellent fishing in the river he was enabled to do this for nearly an hour, during which time the bear ate more than a dozen fine brook trout.

Finally several prospectors came along and an attempt was made to attack the bear, when it was found Mr. Bruin had entirely changed his demeanor and was quite friendly, making no sign of fight, and became as playful as a kitten, to the utter astonishment of the dumfounded prospectors. Now the bear has become a regular pet in the camp. It is undoubtedly solely due to Santure's presence of mind in throwing the first fish to the bear that an encounter was averted.

Ruined.

"I see the oldest bank in your town has failed."

"Yep, and I lost everything I had in it."

"What did you have in it?"

"Confidence."

Different in One Respect.

Upgardson—Doesn't Weerius bore you nearly to death? He talks like a phonograph.

Atom—Not at all. When a phonograph runs down it stops.

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5840 Child's Night Drawers, 2 to 8 Years.
A healthy and comfortable sleeping garment for a child.

5837 Muff, Collarette and Scarf, One Size.
Nothing gives a greater sense of warmth and comfort than a fur scarf and muff.

5823 Fancy Waist with Low or High Neck, 32 to 40 Bust.
Such a round neck bodice as this one is very generally becoming.

5849 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 Bust.
To be made with long or three-quarter sleeves. The plain tailored waist never goes out of style.

5835 Fitted Corset Cover, 32 to 44 Bust.
The plain fitted corset cover suits many figures better than any other sort and is in fact the most desirable beneath any smoothly fitting gown.

5836 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 Years.
An exceedingly pretty frock for little girls.

5795 Girl's Yoke Dress with Bertha, 6 to 12 Years.
To be made with round or high neck, with or without the bertha.

5831 Child's Empire Frock, 2, 4 and 6 Years.
With separate guimpe that can be made with short or long sleeves.

5820 Girl's Dress with Guimpe, 6 to 12 Years.
The guimpe can be made with either elbow or three-quarter sleeves.

5813 Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 Years.
Long loose coats make most becoming wraps for growing girls and are to be noted in a variety of attractive colors and materials.

5796 Misses' Cutaway Coat, 14 and 16 Years.
Unquestionably cutaway coats are favorites of the season and many exceedingly smart variations are shown.

5793 Child's Coat with Shield, 2 to 6 Years.
The long coat, that covers the frock, is the favorite for little children and is worn in cloth of all colors, in velvet, velveteen, corduroy and cheviot.

5846 Boy's Shirt Waist, 4 to 12 Years.
To be made with attached roll-over or separate high collar.

5845 "Buster Brown" Suit, 2 to 8 Years.
There is no suit that the small boy wears that pleases him better than this one which is masculine enough to satisfy his ambitions while it is childish enough to please his mamma.

5847 Five Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.
To be made in round or walking length, with inverted plaits or habit back

5828 Seven Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 Waist.
The plain gored flared skirt is always a graceful and becoming one and this season will have extended vogue.

5792 Nine Gored Skirt with Panels, 22 to 30 Waist.
The skirt that is made with panels is a favorite among the latest models and has much to commend it.

5816 Seven Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.
It is eminently graceful, takes long and beautiful lines and can be trimmed to give the tunic, or shawl, suggestion very easily and readily.

5825 Semi-Fitted Coat, 34 to 42 Bust.
The semi-fitted coat is always a becoming and satisfactory one.

5797 Princess Gown, 32 to 40 Bust.
To be made in round or walking length. The princess gown always is a graceful and attractive one and just now it is high in favor with la mode.

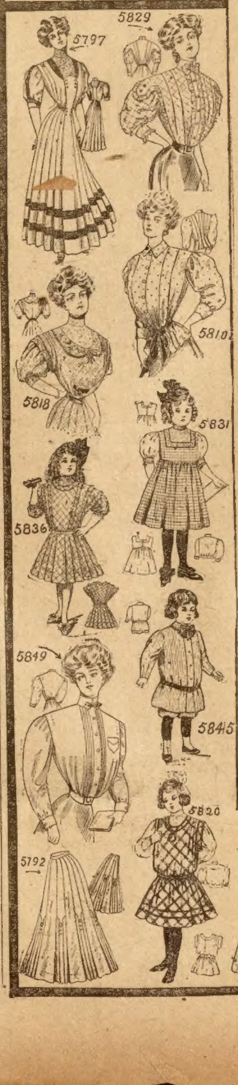
5810 Box Plaited House Jacket, 32 to 42 Bust.
To be made with three-quarter or long sleeves. Simple house jackets are always in demand for they fill a definite, practical need.

5818 Over Blouse or Jumper, 32 to 40 Bust.
The over blouse is made in one piece and is tucked over the shoulders, the sleeves being cut in one with it.

5843 Blouse or Shirt Waist, 32 to 42 Bust.
To be made with or without the yoke at back. The plain tailored shirt waist is always needed.

5804 Over Blouse or Jumper, 32 to 40 Bust.
Each new variation of the over blouse seems a bit more attractive than the last and each one is certain to find a place in the wardrobe.

5829 Blouse with Bretelles, 32 to 40 Bust.
To be made with three-quarter or full length sleeves. No prettier variety of the ever useful blouse has yet appeared than this one.



5847
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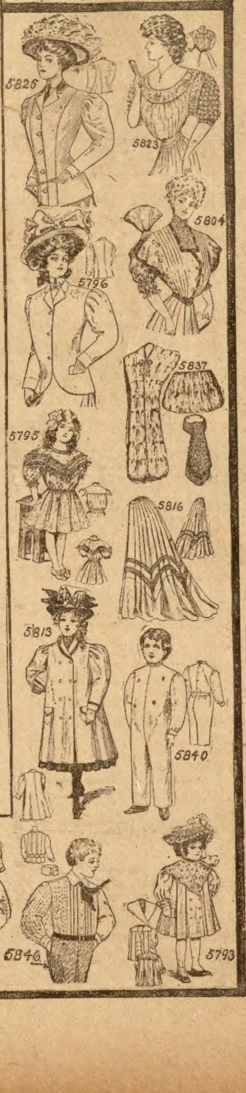

Tag in the Treetops.

Would you like to watch a moonlight game of tag, tonight? Come and sit in this grove where a number of the trees are dead and dying. See that hole high up in the old chestnut where a large branch has fallen? Now watch carefully. There comes a small head with big bright eyes peeping out. 'Tis followed by a soft, grey body. See, it creeps up the trunk higher and higher! Look, the little creature seems to be spreading out a pair of wings! There, it springs into the air and sails away on a downward slant to that oak on the other side of the grove! Here comes another chasing it. Look, they are creeping up and sailing down from half a dozen trees flying squirrels, the gentlest and most affectionate of all the forest dwellers.

Their "wings" are really fur-covered membranes joined to their fore and hind limbs, and when they wish to fly they have only to spread out their legs as wide as possible, which stretches the membranes taut, converting them into a true parachute. If you wish to witness a really weird sight be sure and visit the grove on a summer night, when these strange animals are at their sports. As they sail in and out among the shadows, their white under sides gleaming in the moonlight you will surely think 'tis a ghost game of tag which you are watching. Such fragile creatures are poorly fitted to withstand the rigors of a Northern winter, so as soon as Jack Frost arrives for a good long visit, they snuggle down into the bottoms of their nests in the hollow trees and sleep till the spring sun awakens them.

Dryer Than Georgia.

"There is no water on the moon,"
And as we stop to think
We wonder what on earth the man
Up there can find to drink.

Sick People

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Proof-Treatment Sent Free
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Proof-Treatment Sent Free
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Chronic Diseases Cured
Proof-Treatment Sent Free
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CATARRH CURED
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My unbounded faith in my ability to cure warrants me in making this free and unusual proposition. I am willing to leave it to my patients, for I know my trial treatment will help you, and I know when it helps you, you will be satisfied.

I trust my patients. I don't want your money. My confidence tells me I can cure you, and I am willing you should try it free, and without its costing you one cent. I have cured many. Why can't I cure you? I don't want you to take my word for it—try my remedy, it is free to you and free to your suffering friends and neighbors. Isn't the certainty of being cured and restored to perfect health worth just a few minutes and a two-cent stamp? Then send for it today.

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Just sit down and write me your troubles, tell me what ails you, fully, freely and frankly—talk to me as a wife would talk to her husband, or as a husband should talk to his wife. No matter what the ailment is, or of how long standing, I will give you my advice and trial treatment, sent by mail, absolutely *free*. Why go on day after day, month after month, year after year, carrying that load of sickness? Why handicap yourself in life's race? All you've got to do is to just sit down and tell me all about it. I do the rest.

Sick People, Send No Money. Test It Free.

Don't delay a single day. Remember, delay is often fatal. There are lots of people who suffer in silence and don't go to a doctor because they can't afford it. But you don't have to be able to afford it to come to me. Just the cost of a stamp will bring you a free start to perfect health. Isn't it worth it?

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Remember, I don't confine myself to any one particular disease. **Diseases of the Heart and Blood-Vessels, Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Chronic Colds and Coughs, All Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Diseases, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Malaria, Grippe, Female Diseases, Rupture, General Debility and all Chronic Diseases.** I treat them all, even many of those considered incurable. In many cases I have cured where patients had been given up to die. **Do you suffer from any of these?** If so, send today for free trial and my big book, describing all diseases.

Tie A String Round Your Finger So
You Won't Forget To Write TO-DAY.

DR. E. P. KING, 13th Floor Security Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.